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ABSTRACT

A set of curriculum papers written mainly by teachers who attended workshops in continuing education is presented. This set is a collection of teaching materials, assignments, and exercises, accompanied in some cases by reports of use. The intent of these papers is to provoke significant curriculum change by changing teacher attitudes. Values of these essays are listed as follows: (1) They give examples of good teaching materials; (2) They show teachers moving on their own in the realm of theory; and (3) They illustrate evidence of the workings of curriculum change. This document contains 23 lessons in various aspects of English, illustrative of the improvement in exercises that can occur when ends are clearly understood and their relation to means clearly articulated. The emphasis is generally on teaching properties of style or form. (For related documents, see TE 002 930, TE 002 936 - 937, and TE 002 939.) (Author/CK)

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ENGLISH AND THE 70'S

Wallace W. Douglas

**NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
The Curriculum Study Center in English
Evanston, Illinois**

September 1970

**U.S. DEPARTMENT OF
HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE**

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TE 002 938

ENGLISH AND THE 70'S

PART IV

Approaches to English I

The Curriculum Center in English

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
Evanston, Illinois

Wallace W. Douglas
Director

TE 002 938

ENGLISH AND THE 70'S

English and the 70's is the second set of curriculum papers to be issued by the Northwestern Curriculum Study Center. Most of the papers were written by teachers who attended various Curriculum Center workshops in continuing education; a few were written by students in courses. The papers are in four parts. Part I ("Prolegomena for Curriculum Builders") is a collection of general or theoretical essays, in which teachers grapple with the implications of the "English" that has begun to emerge in the last three or four years. Part II ("Writing: Some General Articles" and "Writing: The Classroom Experience") contains articles looking toward a freer conception of school writing than the one still generally held, and some exemplary assignments. The Composition opinionnaire included in this part has produced some interesting indications of teacher beliefs. Part III ("Composition in Elementary English, 1924-1960") is an important historical study of the attitudes toward and conceptions of composition that have been held during the working life of most of us. It is an essential base for anyone studying or reforming the English curriculum. Part IV ("Approaches to English") is a collection of teaching materials, assignments, exercises, accompanied in some cases by reports of use.

And what is the significance, the value of this material? The answer is three-fold.

First. English and the 70's gives examples of good teaching materials. There is much in these materials that will be suggestive to teachers who are interested in strengthening their approach toward the imaginative and the affective.

Second. English and the 70's shows teachers moving on their own in the realm of theory. It shows teachers thinking critically and generally about their work. It shows them acting truly as members of a profession.

Third. English and the 70's is, therefore, illustration and evidence of the principle on which the work of the Northwestern Curriculum Study Center has been based, at least for the last five years.

That principle has been clearly stated again and again, in the Center Newsletter, in articles and speeches by members of the Center staff, and the several reports from the Center. We state it again here so as to make clear both the use and the importance of

English and the 70's.

The locus of significant curriculum change is to be found in prior or at least concomitant changes in teacher behavior and attitudes, especially those with which role-definition is implicated. There must be significant examination of the assumptions controlling the behavior of the individual as teacher and as English teacher.

As Sir Karl Popper has put it,

We do not learn by observation, or by association, but by trying to solve problems. A problem arises whenever our conjectures or our expectations fail. We try to solve our problems by modifying our conjectures. These new tentative conjectures are our trial balloons--our trial solutions. The solution, the new behavior, the new theory may work; or it may fail. Thus we learn by trial and error; or more precisely, by tentative solutions and by their elimination if they prove erroneous.¹

The details in Popper's statement of his learning theory can easily be applied to the situation of today's schools and teachers. In a very interesting article, "Visions of the Future Schoolroom,"² John C. Flanagan has suggested that in the immediate future the schools will be developing toward "first, a more functional curriculum; second, a truly individualized educational program for each child; and third, a new role for the teacher as an experienced guide, a continuous source of inspiration, and a valued companion in the child's search for self-realization." Great effort on the part of teachers will be required to make any one of these changes; to have to deal with them all requires of teachers a massive expenditure of physical and psychic energy. English and the 70's, it is to be hoped, will offer them support, as a heuristic model of a way of achieving change and as some tentative solutions to the problems and needs that confront us all. But both model and solutions should be taken as suggestive only, for it is still a principle that "school curriculum is not a matter for national policy." "Selection of a style of curriculum is the right and responsibility of the local school district only."³

1. Conversations with Philosophers--Sir Karl Popper Talks About Some of His Basic Ideas with Bryan Magee," *The Listener*, LXXXV, (7 January 1971), 8-12, at p. 9.

2. John Maxwell and Anthony Tovatt, Eds., On Writing Behavioral Objectives for English (Champaign: NCTE, 1970), pp. 61-69, at p. 64.

3. Sue M. Brett, "The Federal View of Behavioral Objectives," *Ibid.* pp. 43-47, at p. 43.

WRITING EXERCISES

APPROACHES TO ENGLISH

...A Program of Study and Demonstration of Methods
and Materials in the Teaching of English

ELK GROVE TRAINING & DEVELOPMENT CENTER
1706 West Algonquin Road
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60005

NORTHWESTERN CURRICULUM CENTER IN ENGLISH
1809 Chicago Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60201

SUCCESS IS AN ANIMATED COMP. CLASS

Penny Hirsch
Wheeling High School
District 214

Lesson Plan for Composition

Several of us on the Released-Time Program and at Wheeling High School have been working with a lesson developed by D. Gordon Rohman in his writing class at Michigan State University on "the existential sentence." The lesson aims at getting students to see things in detail, to avoid the vague and the cliché. Yoking the abstract to the concrete, "Happiness is a warm puppy" illustrates the successful existential sentence.

What follows here is a description of how three of us used the Rohman models - our approaches, a short catalog of problems we encountered, the results we obtained, and our conclusions. The Rohman models and a list of clichés that was used in one of the approaches appear at the end of this description.

PROCEDURE

I first used the models with two small groups (5-10 students) of fast-honors seniors in a composition class. The students were already familiar with Rohman's idea of a "pre-writing" activity; they were keeping journals and had tried some perception lessons with slides designed to increase their awareness of the need to concentrate on seeing in detail (for a discussion of this aspect of the pre-writing process, see the discussion and procedure in the freshman classes). They were familiar with the terms "abstract" and "concrete." They knew and loved the book Happiness is a Warm Puppy.

I handed out copies of Part I to the students, after which we discussed the definition, the examples, and the fifteen sentences on page 2. I then asked students to write sentences for the abstractions listed on page 2. I stressed that they should write as many as possible before they became too selective; otherwise the fear of the blank page would have been likely to inhibit them altogether and the exercise would not function as a "loosening up" exercise.

The next day in class students passed their papers around and read each others. They placed a small check in front of the sentence or two that they liked best on each paper. When the papers were returned to the writer, he read aloud the two or three that

had received the most check-marks. We tried to further isolate the characteristics of an effective existential sentence and of vivid writing in general. The group was an honest, kind and receptive audience. I collected the sentences at the end of the period.

On the third day I distributed copies of Part II of the model to the students. After discussing the ditto, students were asked to do the assignment on page 2 of this section. I collected these sentences several days later and typed copies of some of the best sentences on a ditto for the class to share.

Follow-up consisted of Part III, which was a disaster for all but the most creative students; of examination of some journal entries which displayed vivid writing; and of some lessons on reporting based on the Northwestern composition lessons and on some definitions by Hayakawa.

The second teacher at Wheeling to use the Rohman models worked with juniors of average ability in two classes of average size. Basically, they followed the same procedure: examination of the models; discussion, small group work, assignment. When they passed their sentences around within their small groups, however, they removed their names from the work. This exchange took place two days after the initial presentation. Brainstorming was encouraged. The teacher suggested that the final assignment, a composite of their best sentences (based on their own judgment and the consensus of the classmates in their group), be illustrated with photographs, pictures from magazines, or drawings. The illustrations were to be optional.

For several classes of average and fast freshmen, another teacher opened her unit with a lesson on what constitutes bad writings. When questioned, most of the students said that they did not know what bad writing was, but that they would not believe someone unless he could prove what he had to say. Further discussion revealed that students were more inclined to accept specific statements than they were to accept vague ones. The teacher introduced the concept of the cliché, basing part of her approach on Prochnow's list of clichés (see Part IV of the model). From here students did some work with the classification ladder (see Northwestern lessons, the basic processes).

The next day students worked on a perception lesson. The teacher showed several slides, each of which contained many objects. A slide would be flashed on for several seconds, then for several more, etc. Students were asked to describe what they saw in as much detail as possible. They moved from general statements

to specific ones. In the slide of Berlin, for instance, in which the Berlin Wall is depicted, they eventually saw that there are actually two walls with barbed wire between.

It was not until the third day, then, that the teacher passed out the ditto on the existential sentence. She preceded the discussion of the ditto itself with some explanation about what an abstraction is. She also used the Peanuts book to stimulate interest.

When the students were ready to try writing some sentences, they were allowed to choose their group-mates. The only limitation was that no group was to include more than five people. They were instructed to write many sentences and to star the ones that they liked best. They had about an hour and a half of class time to work on this first lesson. They worked with the rest of the lesson in much the same manner.

REACTION OF STUDENTS

In general the students enjoy working with the existential sentences although they tend to lose sight of the goals that the teacher has in mind. They prefer working in groups to working alone. They enjoy hearing what their classmates have written more than they enjoy wrestling with sentences of their own. Most students dislike Part III.

CONCLUSIONS:

All of us felt that the lessons were exciting because the students appeared really involved in the discussions. The lesson is effective largely because of its novelty. If the students work in small groups, almost everyone participates. Moreover, some of those who rarely produce anything respond readily to these lessons. For many of the juniors, the aspect of illustration heightened the level of personal involvement. We all felt the need for introductory lessons or follow-up to make the existential sentence lessons function in the larger context of effective composition. We all encountered several of the following problems:

1. Part III was much too difficult for the students.
2. The sentences do not lend themselves to being graded. Two of us feel that they should not be graded.
3. Students tend to be too literal in their sentences -
e.g. "Midnight is time to be home on a date."
"Dawn is a beautiful time of day."

4. Many students do not understand what abstractions and clichés are. Often they write sentences in which the abstraction does not fit the concrete example.
e.g. "Humility is having a dog that thinks he's a flying ace."
5. The diction in the Rohman model needs to be modified for use with young children or children of limited ability.
6. The students need sufficient time and interaction with their classmates to do their best work.
7. The students must write many sentences in order to come up with several good ones.
8. The animated class discussions do not always result in sentences which demonstrate an understanding of the concepts involved. Note the following unsuccessful sentences:
 - a. Ignorance is going to visit downtown New York without bothering to ask someone what it's like and it's your first visit.
 - b. Suffering is being at a clothing store without money.
(the above written by freshmen)
 - c. Ignorance is flunking a test.
 - d. Suffering is being in the hospital sick.
 - e. Hope is the future.
 - f. Reliability is telling a person where to go and sooner or later they do.
(the above written by juniors)
 - g. Authority is a boy telling a kid half his size what to do.
 - h. (point of view: bus) Humility is being glad you don't have to walk.
 - i. Fastidiousness is taking a bath four times a day to avoid germs.
 - j. Duty is doing what you can't stand, but doing it anyway.
(the above written by seniors)

Despite these problems, the lesson is worthwhile for two reasons: the enthusiasm of the youngsters and a large number of really clever sentences. We offer the following as testimony of its success:

1. Indecision is L.B.J.
2. Freedom is walking barefoot through a mud puddle.
3. Excitement is a shiny quarter on the sidewalk.
4. Resentment is report cards on your birthday.

5. Fear is co-ed square dancing.
(the above written by freshmen)
6. Prudent is going to the car show with your boyfriend
and pretending you love it.
7. Disappointment is missing the star that just fell.
8. Self-confidence is eating onions before a date.
(the above written by juniors)
9. Relief is a safety-pin.
10. Sacrifice is the two o'clock feeding.
11. Freedom is wearing a loose fitting mu-mu without any
underwear.
12. Impulsiveness is speeding down a tollroad with no exits.
13. Casualness is muddy boots standing on an expensive rug.
14. Guilt is a padded bra.
15. Insignificance is autumn's second falling leaf.
16. Agony is not one returning letterman.
17. Disappointment is the Easter hunt and no egg.
18. Guilt is admitting that you failed the kid because he
misspelled your name all semester.
19. Suffering is standing in line shivering wet while the
girl in front of you gets the last towel.
20. Suffering is touching your toes in your early-bird
P.E. class.
21. (point of view: merchant) Shrewdness is selling apples
at 10¢ apiece and 3 for 31¢.
22. (point of view: coach) Happiness is a 6'10" center.
23. (place: locker room) Dejection is a one-point loss.
24. (place: kitchen) Rashness is putting too much pepper
in the gravy.
25. Two examples from Part III:
 - a. "cultivate your mind"
 - b. "shuffling ideas"

I.

In the existential sentence an abstraction (e.g., "happiness") is yoked by a form of the verb to be (e.g., "is") to a vivid concrete embodiment (e.g., "warm puppy") of the concept the abstraction names. The general idea thus passes into the precise image. The vague concept is illuminated within the specific clarity of a sensible thing or event in the real world. The universe of abstractions is domesticated. Thus:

Courage is holding a diaperless baby in your arms.
Self-discipline is being able to stop after eating a single peanut.
Glorious is the last word on the last question of the last exam during finals week.

The existential sentence is specific yet suggestive:

Courage is holding steady with the mainsheet and the tiller when the mainsail begins bouncing on the waves.
Courage is a smile and a white cane.
Courage is Frank Lloyd Wright's design for the Guggenheim Museum.

It can often be freshly humorous:

Self-confidence is wearing a bikini when you're ten pounds overweight.
Optimism is driving your girl to her eight o'clock, even though you don't have a class all day.
Middle-age is to take out a first subscription to Playboy.

It can make a vivid appeal to the senses:

Courage is picking up a cold, green garter snake.
Baldness is the first snip of soft, shoulder-length hair.

Or it can be derived directly from personal experience:

Glorious is the view of the M.S.U. campus and East Lansing on a bright moonlit night from the top of the new parking ramp.
Honesty is telling your folks you have poor grades because you don't study.
Precaution is unplugging the television during the week of final exams.
Sacrifice is passing up the cherry pie for the plain jello in the cafeteria line.

It can even be tragic:

Courage is a co-ed telling her mother that she is three months pregnant.

The poor existential sentence is sometimes nothing but an amplification through the use of a string of further abstractions:

Honor is the moral sense that determines right from wrong for the people in our society.

Glory is honor won at great deliberate personal jeopardy, not by being in the right place at the right time.

Sacrifice is giving up something very dear to you for the eventual good of your fellow man or yourself.

The existential sentence ought to avoid the conventional:

Courage is the soldier on the front lines.

Honor is obeying your parents.

Glory is spring's greenery.

Sacrifice is a dying soldier.

Glory is the birth of a baby.

It also ought to avoid that concrete detail or specific illustration which, through overuse, has become almost another abstraction:

Honor is the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.

Glory is the halo surrounding the head of an angel.

Courage is the smile of hope on the face of a saddened person.

Glory is the rising of the sun.

Discuss the following:

1. Stubbornness is the captain on a sinking ship.
2. Idiocy is a smile on your face when you feel the tears forming in your eyes.
3. Sacrifice is an afternoon spent reading to the blind while the rest of the crowd goes to the football game.
4. Sacrifice is giving up boys for Lent.
5. Courage is raising your hand during a lecture in a class of 500.
6. Prudence is not eating onions on your hamburger when you're on a date.
7. Rashness is admitting you talk too much about too little.
8. Honor is an unpadded income tax return.
9. Courage is lighting a gas oven.
10. Honor is a judge's.
11. Sacrifice is muddy boots by a cot in the Army barracks

- of Viet Nam.
12. Courage is the Bible.
 13. Sacred is the Bible.
 14. Honor is the spectators at a baseball game standing up when the national anthem is played.
 15. Glorious is daddy's smile when baby takes his first steps toward the waiting, extended hands.

EXERCISE: Write existential sentences for the following: confusion, authority, fear, casualness, competence, selfishness, indifference, disrespect, duty, excitement, suffering, fastidiousness, foolishness, freedom, courage, gratitude, guilt, guile, hope, humility, humor, ignorance, impulsiveness, reliability, resentment.

II.

Existential sentences may be written from a specific point of view. For the sake of convenience, these points of view may be classified as follows: time, place, and person (role and attitude). Notice how the specific illustration of the abstraction is determined not merely by the abstraction itself, but also by the point of view from which you choose to view it.

Thus from the point of view of a specific time:

- Dawn: Guilt is preferring the soft, warm pillow of your bed to the hard, cold lab stool of your eight o'clock.
- Evening: Guilt is remembering over supper's last cup of coffee that you had an appointment at three with your advisor to discuss your bad memory.
- Dawn: Ignorance is preferring the hard, cold lab stool to the soft warm pillow.
- Christmas: Ignorance is to believe that you'll always want to play with your stuffed teddy bear.

From the point of view of a specific place:

- Bus: Excitement is to ride to the end of the line with a blonde you've just met.
- Car: Excitement is the first fifty miles in your first new car.
- Kitchen: Suffering is the widow of a week making meals for one less.
- Office: Suffering is the boss of a secretary who always forgets how to spell "Sincerely yours."

From the point of view of a specific person in terms of attitude:

- Eloquent: Humility is to regret that you have but one life to give for your country.
- Folksy: Humility is Will Rogers saying, "All I know is what I read in the newspapers."
- Friendly: Confusion is the Methodist minister inviting a Catholic priest to dinner at O'Flaherty's Steak House on a Friday night.
- Eloquent: Confusion is to take arms against a sea of troubles
is to smell a rat, but to promise to nip
it in the bud.

From the point of view of a specific person in terms of role:

- Father: Humility is thanking God that all the children

Teacher: take after their mother.
Confusion is an English teacher misspelling
"receive" on the blackboard.
Mailman: Confusion is ten families named Smedley on the
same block.

Write existential sentences from the following points of view:

Time: midnight, noon, dawn, early morning, evening,
supper-time, one of the holidays (Christmas,
Thanksgiving, etc.), one of the seasons.
Place: city, country, kitchen, bathroom, living room,
dormitory room, classroom, office, cars, locker
room, army barracks, bus, subway, woods, campus
walk.
Persons: a) Attitude: aggressive, friendly, descriptive,
inquisitive, kindly, insolent,
cautious, thoughtful, pedantic,
folksy, eloquent, lyric, simple,
respectful, rustic, military,
practical.
b) Role: mother, father, uncle, clergyman,
merchant, mailman, librarian,
coach, teacher, athlete, sorority
girl, fraternity man.

III. New Ways of Looking

Imagination may be understood as the unusual linking of things not linked before, as the seeing of old things through new angles of vision. Imagination exists on all levels from the most superficial to the most profound. The ability to think imaginatively is the essence of artistic creativity. It is probably a matter of inform temperament ultimately; but if it does exist latently, it can be developed and such an exercise as the following might be one way to get started thinking imaginatively.

Following are two lists of activities common to us all. Choose an activity from the right hand list to explain by describing it in terms of an activity in the left hand column (or vice versa). Push the application as far and as hard as it will go; don't be afraid of being "unusual." Stretch your wits. Try to condense your comparisons in a phrase or a word, rather than in extended actions or clauses.

Activities A

Playing cards
Changing a tire
Selling
Walking
Carpentry
Sailing
Skiing
Making match-stick houses
Cutting out paper dolls
Day dreaming
Sewing
Plowing
Dragging
Launching rockets
Running for office
Hunting
Broiling
Playing baseball
Playing marbles
Russian roulette
Hooking a rug
Fencing
Knitting
Swimming
Brushing teeth

Activities B

Writing essays
Making love
Growing up
Rising in the world
Studying
Meditating
Preaching
Swindling
Teaching
Learning
Dreaming
Reforming
Reasoning
Wooing
Chaperoning
Failing
Eating
Quarreling
Making peace
Negotiating
Browling
Revolting
Flying
Inventing
Lending
Growing Old

Note in the following clichés the (at one time) unusual linking of things not linked before: "grease the palm," bringing with cooking, "hem in", military science with sewing; "bolt", rebellion with horsemanship; "feather one's nest", ambition with bird-watching; "flash in the pan," fickleness with cooking; "horns of a dilemma," crises with barnyard; "bark up the wrong tree," mistake with hunting; "hang fire," indecision with gunnery.

IV. WATCH OUT FOR CLICHES

Herbert V. Prochnow

If you are looking for a sure way to make your conversation brighter, memorize the phrases listed below and eliminate them from your vocabulary. They are trite, stereotyped expressions. They have died from overwork. They are clichés.

Agree to disagree	To make a long story short
Clear as crystal	Each and every one
Grim Reaper	Far from accurate
All in all	Few and far between
Green as grass	From bad to worse
Order out of chaos	If the truth were known
After all is said and done	Scared to death
Be that as it may	In the last analysis
Psychological moment	The heart of the matter
Take my word for it	It stands to reason that
Accidents <u>do</u> happen	Much as I hate to say it
At long last	Once and for all
By and large	Really and truly
Last but not least	So to speak
Adding insult to injury	Up to the hilt
As a matter of fact	Wear and tear
Bored to death	You know what I mean
Bright and early	A vicious circle
A bone of contention	When all is said and done
By word of mouth	It goes without saying

From "1001 Ways to Improve Your Conversation and Speeches" by Herbert V. Prochnow. Other clichés used in the lesson at Wheeling:

Busy as a bee	Hungry as a bear
Happy as a lark	Stiff as a board
Nutty as a fruitcake	Pretty as a picture
Hard as a rock	Hard as nails
As red as a rose	With one foot in the grave

MEMOIRS OF A HUMAN CANNONBALL

A Composition Lesson on Unusual Occupations

Leslie Davis
Helen Keller Jr. High
Dist.54

OBJECTIVES

This composition lesson was designed to capitalize on a poem by Carl Sandburg called "The Hangman at Home." The poem is unusual in its slice-of-life perspective, treating the family relationships of the bizarre combination husband-father-executioner. I wanted the students to discover the depth of a man's chosen work and how it must eventually affect and complicate his private life and those around him. The poem goes beyond the misfit or callous personality described and leads the reader into questions of morality. Although I used the poem on the seventh grade level, high school teachers could delve into the numerous subtleties of the poem and the debatable question of capital punishment.

The writing assignment which should follow the examination of the poem gives the student a chance to list rare and unusual occupations and select one with which to identify. The students became actively interested in competing with one another to find the most original and obscure occupations.

PROCEDURE

I passed out the dittoed poem and had the students read it silently. After I felt each had read the poem at least once and had time to glance back over it as a whole (very important), I read it aloud in a low tone of voice, under-playing the unusual as if it were commonplace. Seeing a hangman in this domestic setting forced the students to be aware of the subtleties and dual nature of his character. I asked the students why his hands were important (line 12), and some immediate responses were:

"He kills men with his hands."

"He puts the rope around their necks."

"But he also eats and touches his children with his hands!"

I asked if there were any other double meanings in the poem. Even the slower students found two meanings for the rope and "a good day's work," comparing the latter with the average business man. I raised the question of the hangman's attitude toward life ("Bonfire of joy" and "good and dandy world") and the irony involved.

Sandburg's picture of the hangman looking at his child in the moonlight was more difficult for the students. I asked them why the poet set this scene. What does Sandburg mean when he says, "How does he act then?" I wanted my students to discover the question of whether the hangman was capable of more than surface emotions. The good poem, I tried to point out, was at best an image or series of images suggesting a conclusion but always keeping the answer a secret. The final line, "I guess," is a good example of the poet dropping the interpretation into the reader's lap. Is anything easy for a hangman? I left this up to the students.

The poem still on their desks but set aside, the students now compiled a list of what they decided were the ten rarest and most obscure occupations still in existence - a stipulation which discouraged the ancient history buffs in the class but answered the question of era. To get the students started on their lists, I offered a few examples: chimney sweep, pawnbroker, pool hustler, organ grinder and human cannonball. Competition developed, as I mentioned earlier, and most of the students came up with at least seven very good choices.

On the same paper and below the lists I had the students choose one occupation from their lists and write about a half page from this person's point of view. I told the students to keep the hangman in mind but not to imitate the poem. I offered several possible perspectives: the private life of the man or woman; the future of the occupation itself; the attitude of the person while he worked; or the gross exaggeration of the occupation suddenly exploding out of proportion with these people dominating the rest of the population.

IN RETROSPECT

The lesson was very successful, and the students seemed to gain some insights into the personal lives of society's rarities and misfits. However, when the students are compiling the lists, it is necessary to remind them that they must be able to give the occupation a specific name, and that obscure references to "the man who works that machine by himself" are as worthless as no answers at all.

In this case a long paragraph or two-thirds of a page is a good writing assignment for seventh graders. It is short enough to hold their interest while demanding compact, detailed writing, and also allowing the possibility of reading many orally to the class.

When I try the assignment again, I would like to extend it into a literature unit entitled "The Misfits," running the literary gamut from E.A. Robinson's eccentrics to Franz Kafka's nightmarish characters. Another poem by Sandburg, which follows, could complement "The Hangman at Home" with its emphasis on bizarre occupations.

THE HANGMAN AT HOME

Carl Sandburg

HAZARDOUS OCCUPATIONS

Jugglers keep six bottles in the air. . .

Sample Student Themes:

THE ORGAN GRINDER

He comes home at 6:00. He brings his monkey with him and counts the nickles in the cup. He thinks it is a sickening job standing on a street corner grinding all day long. He gets a can of beans out of his cupboard and grinds it open with a can opener. He kicks the wall and swears. Then he goes in his room and turns the alarm on his clock. He throws it on the ground and cracks it to pieces.....

TAXIDERMIST

How does a taxidermist feel when he's stuffing an animal? He goes to put the stuffing in and has these big eyes looking at him. Sometimes when he has to stuff a pig, or some other dirty animal, his wife won't allow him in the house because of the way he smells....

WRITING ASSIGNMENT FOR NEWSPAPER UNIT

Mrs. L. Paquette
District 54
Eighth Grade

OBJECTIVES:

Students are to learn to make concise paragraphs from a given body of facts. They will experience a newspaper report's problems in assembling facts and deleting unnecessary items.

MATERIALS:

Ditto sheets with sets of facts for articles; daily newspapers to examine sample articles, subheadlines, and headlines.

PROCEDURE:

We examined several articles in daily newspapers, articles of major importance and lesser articles, to see what facts reporters felt were important and what order they put them in. We studied headlines to see how they related to the article, what methods reporters used to attract the reader's attention, and how subheadlines related to the headlines.

After the discussion period we looked over the facts on the assignment sheet (attached). We discussed the instructions and the facts to see if they were all important and necessary to an article.

IN RETROSPECT:

I would use this assignment again because the students found it interesting and different. Many of the articles carried to the reader the enthusiasm of the writer. We compared the enthusiastic articles (with grammar mistakes) to the grammatically perfect papers that are "flat" to see which would be preferred by the readers.

COMMENTS:

"Keller Wins Again"

Spartans losing written by a very slow student. Pat carries a great deal of enthusiasm in her article. The class found this article more interesting than "Keller is Klobbered" below. The want ads printed were to show some of the possible mistakes or confusions that students made in this assignment.

Gary Dais

1. Blacksmith
2. Undertaker
3. soldier
4. prince
5. coroner

The Soldier in Viet Nam

What will the soldier think about when he goes home?

Will his children ask him if he had a good day?

Will his children ask him to play Cowboys and Indians and then tell him to shoot them dead?

Will he say he had enough killing or will he say he's too tired.

Will his children ask him what he does at work?

Will he and his wife ever get into an argument over who does the hardest work?

Or will he ever see his family again?

Write a newspaper headline, subheadline, and article from the following facts. Choose to write about situation A or situation B.

Keller Junior High	PTA & Staff Sponsors	
		Free
Dance Contest		
Christmas decorations		
	Friday, December 22	
Food for All		
		3 to 5 p.m.
Records for Prizes		

7:30 p.m.	Friday, November 29	80-21
8th grade		
	Players were...	

Robert Frost	Keller Junior High
--------------	--------------------

Write a want ad, either a lost and found ad or a "for sale" item.

KELLER WINS!

Victory Again

Friday, November 29, 1967, the Helen Keller 8th grade basketball players won against the Robert Frost team.

It was an exciting game. The players on our 1st string were George Swegles, Dave Valerio, Glenn Esrig, Brad Lyerla, and Chris Dilger. These boys played an exciting game. The score at the end of the first quarter was 13 to 8. George Swegles, the best guard, made 8 of the points.

The second quarter was a real breath-taking thing. The boys made a climb from 13 to 8, to 42 to 10. When the third quarter came the boys were really going to town. They made shot after shot. The final score at the end of the third quarter was 48 to 21. The boys then made two more points and became victorious.

They also are now in first place, tied along with Dempster.

The boys will be playing East Maine next Wednesday nite.

TROJANS SMASH FROST Sub Helps Big Upset

On Friday, December 13, our Trojans upset Frost, 82 to 21 with help from Larry Fosdick. Brad Lyerla, Bob Mervis, and Daryle Drew were just a few of the people out with injuries. A sickly sounding a move as it was, Fosdick was called in by a green-faced coach.

After falling and tripping on the court about 17 times, Fosdick was ready for the shot. With a beautiful arc followed by a perfect entry, the ball landed in the wrong basket.

The two-minute warning then sounded. Larry went into his true form, knocking down balls, etc.

When the game was over, Larry let them gain 14 points and didn't raise the 82 points we had.

But if it wasn't for Fosdick they would have had 22 points but were stopped thanks to his popping the ball.

KELLER WINS AGAIN Spartans Losing

Friday, November 29, Helen Keller Jr. High School won the tournament game against Prost, the Spartans. Keller has been in the head since the beginning of the year. Anyone who thinks they can top this school was asked to report to Helen Keller Jr. High School.

This year has been pretty exciting for this school. Last couple of years this school was always in last place. But just look where it is this year. Some of these scores are just out of this world. A couple of years the Spartans have been on the top too. But Keller is the one that we want this year. If you ever but ever walked into Helen Keller school, you just wouldn't believe your eyes. This school I think is one of the best schools ever organized. This game is always at 7:30. And the 8th graders are the ones that are always playing.

DANCE CONTEST

To Be Held at Helen

Keller

There will be a dance contest for Christmas celebration on Friday, December 22, at Helen Keller Jr. High School. Christmas decorations will be provided.

The dance is sponsored by the PTA and staff members. No charge, the dance will be free.

The dance will be from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. There will be enough food for everyone, at a table in the back. **RECORDS FOR PRIZES!** In the 4 dance contests, one couple will win any record from the top 40 list. If you win a record, you cannot win again.

WANT AD SECTION

Lost--727 Boeing Airliner with passengers and crew. Last seen boozing it up over the Bahama Islands. Please contact FAA if anything is known. Reward!

Lost & Found--50 ft boat exc.cond. 539-7891

Wanted--Painter to paint the Mona Lisa a living room wall. Will pay 50 dollars a day. Must be pro. Must be able to work for a nut who wants the Mona

KELLER FROST GAME PROTEST

Mier Thrown Out And Fined!

Last Friday, November 29, the 8th grade basketball team met Robert Frost at Keller. The Frost Spartans were leading 39 to 27 when Glenn Esrig was fouled and it was not called. Mr. Mier, the Trojans coach, started yelling and telling the referee about it but turned him down. Right at that instant Mr. Mier protested and then the game began. Going into the last period the Trojans came back to tie the Spartans 50 to 50. With 5 seconds to play, Brad Lyerla missed two free shots and the Spartans won 79 to 78.

Right after that Mier talked to the referee about the foul and sooner or later they got into a fight and when it was ended Mr. Mier was fined \$50 for misconduct. The protest was rejected and that was just what happened.

Lisa on his living wall. Call 656-0172

Lost and Found---
Lost cat. Mean claws to pieces anything in its path. White, with two black eyes. Smokes Taryton. Answers to the name

KELLER IS KLOBBERED 80-21 Score

The game which was played in Keller's modern physical facilities was a rather extraordinary game. The score at the half was 21-0 Keller's favor. It was highlighted when the lights went out. Mysteriously, 75% of the spectators went under the bleachers until the lighting was restored. One explanation was that they were scared of the dark. The Trojans remained scoreless throughout the second half continued their streak of losses. When one of the team members was asked what he thought of this year's team, he started laughing. of "Smokey". Approach with caution. On second thought, don't approach at all: If seen call DU 5-9601.

Write a headline, subheadline, and newspaper article from either of the following sets of facts.

45 mph speed zone

June 14, 1967

2 injured

Routes 58 & 72

car crash

55 mph

9-5 p.m.

Big Sale

FIRE!

(you fill it in) Store

50% Discount

No limit on articles

Write another want ad - Make it sensible!

'HIS SIDE OF THE STORY'

A Composition Lesson for Seventh Graders

Leslie Davis
Helen Keller Jr. High
District 54

OBJECTIVES

Grabbing the interest of the seventh grader is necessary if the teacher expects good composition results. At this age level, it is important to keep the assignment short and imaginative. The idea of looking at a simple incident through the eyes of three different people seemed to have interesting possibilities. I wanted to see if the students could be convincing in multiple roles of identities. Shoplifting is a touchy subject for young adolescents, but it is better to treat it openly and hopefully have the students see other points of view.

PROCEDURE

At the beginning of the lesson I mentioned the Japanese film "Rashomon," which I suspected none had ever seen, and explained that the reason that movie had become a classic was due largely to its original format. I explained that the film had four parts with four different people giving their versions of how a murder had taken place. I emphasized the fact that all four were in conflict, and this made the viewer work out his own conclusions.

Secondly, I passed the writing sheets out to the students and read the incident. The general response of the students after glancing at the assignment was that the stories would be rather stereotyped, and they would probably write something exactly like their neighbors.

The students did not become interested until I pointed out that each story must conflict. (Later in the writing period, for the benefit of the slower witted students, I allowed one answer to side with another.) I also cautioned that they should think carefully before beginning, because they had to keep in mind certain complications: 1) limited choice of detail; 2) all three of the viewpoints should be kept in mind while writing, in order to satisfactorily puzzle the reader (I told them that the perfect paper would be one which would give believable stories for the three viewpoints and raise doubts in the reader's mind about which really occurred); 3) the details could be very important in that I did not say what kind of store nor the sex and ages of the owner and

customer. These possibilities gave the students a greater freedom and completed the assignment.

I find that it is necessary to set a definite length (number of sentences or page portion) when dealing with seventh graders. This seems to give them a framework for planning, and in this assignment they realized that they were not to create a detailed personality, but original perspectives. I told the students that quotation marks were not necessary, although the narration was supposed to be the exact words of the person. I directed them to write to an audience of either a reporter, police officer, or judge.

IN RETROSPECT

The assignment worked very well because it aroused a new kind of "triple thinking" for the students. Too often only one character is drawn by the student writer and without significant conflict.

I was disappointed in some students and I noticed a pattern. The first character (accused shoplifter) was treated in good detail, but many students only wrote a sentence or two for the latter two incidents. Perhaps if the students had a choice of incidents to deal with, almost everyone could find something that would sustain his interest. I would suggest three incident choices; I plan to try the assignment again in this way.

The teacher could dramatize subtle movements in cooperation with students for an interesting introduction to this assignment.

Name _____
Mod. _____

HIS SIDE OF THE STORY

(3 Points of View)

Situation:

1 2

A man goes into a small store. The owner behind
the counter stops him as a shoplifter. Another
3
customer witnesses the scene.

In about four sentences each, give the different stories of the man, the owner, and the customer:

(Man) _____

(Owner) _____

(Customer) _____

DESCRIPTION THEME

Jeanne Peters
Helen Keller
Jr.High School

OBJECTIVES

I wanted the students to observe detail and be able to write about what they saw with personalizing detail. I also wanted them to have a change in scenery which might motivate them to come back into the classroom and write.

MATERIALS

Area near school which contains trees, flowers, etc.

PROCEDURES

Before we went outside, I told the students to find some living thing, to observe it, and think about of what it reminded them. We then went outside for fifteen minutes while they wandered around examining trees, flowers, bugs, etc.

When we returned to the classroom, I asked the students to write a short description of the thing they had observed. We discussed the possibility of including moods. For example, one girl said that her tree looked very innocent as opposed to strong and foreboding.

Following this discussion the students began to write.

IN RETROSPECT

The lesson seemed to work quite well. Next time, I might do more with questioning to bring out the imagery possibilities.

My Tree
Judy Sperry

My tree is an apple tree. It has beautiful white blossoms with five petals. They are very small. My tree gets rained on and sometimes snowed on in crazy weather. It loves to show people its beautiful blossoms and to share them with the people who pick them and put them in their hair. My tree gives people apples when its blossoms turn into apples. All in all, my tree is very nice indeed.

My Tree
John Shabatura

Its a kind of tree that you like. Its an apple tree full of very discriptive blossoms and blooms. There kind of like a creamy milk shack to me. There a some bad things like some moldy oh apple from the other year. They remind me of some old ragged sponges that were used a million times. The trunk of it looks like an old man's face all wrinkeled and out of shape.

My Tree
Bob Harriser

My tree looked like it didn't have a friend in the world. Part of it looked like it was just in fight because part of it was cut down right in the middle his body. Hes only about three feet high. He looks like I feel when I don't have any friends. It has a little tree growing up along side it.

My Tree
Mike S. Kifranski

I saw a little tree with alot of buds on it. It was so happy and gay and some day it will be big and strong and better looking.

By Keith Warner

The poison ivy out side is green and red tint, and has lily white berries and is very poisonous. When you touch poison ivy it leaves a film that eriates the skin. When it ECTees you know you have it.

It is a very pretty plant until you do touch it.

There is also a scoth pine out there it is about 75 to 80 feet tall and has new pine cones on every branch, and is very pretty.

By Dave Schmitt

I saw trees with branches and flowers that looked like they were telling everybody to get away. The wind was pushing the grass around and it looked like it was bowing down to you. It looke like the lady bugs were having a grand openning or somthing.

My Tree
Pat Marvel

During the winter months my tree was bare, broken and grouchy in his old age. But sping came and other trees bloosmed. My tree got jealous and small tree spoke softly to the old tree. My tree softened and now green and kind. It's bare branches turned to a garden of leaves, green and petite. The tree is stout, kind and happy as it enjoys it's new-found youth.

My Tree
Joanne Opatrny

Its a large bush with radiant white flowers and feminie tiny buds and green leaves.

The branches are long and some are thick. The trunk is stout and strang.

The tree looks innocent, it looks like it s in love.

Like a radiant innocent bush. It keeps it s head up and looks proud as if to say, "Look at me Im bueatiful."

Its so delicate and femine.

Dandolions
Lynn H

A handfull of dandolions looks like a great big happy ball of sunshine. They remind me of me and my friends having a good time running & playing. And yet sometimes they look stuck-up and snotty. There just like people moody and diffrent every day.

By John Lanya

My tree looks like its a big show-off and a bully. It looks like the top of a huge ice-cone with vanilla and Strawberry ice cream mixing into streams of colors of white, pink and red. It looks like a lady in a wedding gown walking down the aile on a red-carpet. In all her majestey.

My Tree
Todd Christiansen

The tree looked innocent and very pleasing. With many colorful features on it. Like the little flower blooms with pink and white colors.

A LESSON ON DESCRIBING FEELINGS

Mary Hogan
Olive School
District 25

A Curriculum for English by the University of Nebraska suggested the following composition activity after the reading of "The Courage of Sarah Noble."

"Have the students write a few lines for a diary that Sarah Noble might have kept during her journey and during the time that her father was away. See if they could develop rather slowly through the diary a change in Sarah's attitudes toward her surroundings and toward the Indians."

Describing Feelings

PROCEDURE

Distribute work sheet resembling a diary. Explanation of a diary may be necessary. Discuss questions:

What kind of things do you write in a diary?
What might Sarah have written in her diary?

The first day children complete the first sheet. The first four entries could be done as a group composition and serve as a model for the second day.

The second day distribute the last sheet. Read entries of previous day. Discuss the things that lead to her change in attitudes;

How did you know Sarah changed?
What brought about the change?

Allow the children to describe Sarah's change in feelings.

The third day, lead children to a discussion of a situation in their own life when they faced a similar situation.

1. Have you ever changed your mind about somebody?
2. Did a new child move into your neighborhood that you didn't like?
3. Did you change your mind later? Why?
4. Did you ever have a teacher that you didn't think you were going to like?

Maybe there was someone else that you changed your feelings about. Think about it and see if you can write a story about how these changes in feelings took place.

Sarah Noble's Diary

Sarah Noble kept a diary on her long journey. In parenthesis are some of the important events in the story. How did Sarah feel as she wrote about them? What might she have written?

April 12, 1707 (The journey begins.)

April 17 (Sleeping in the wilderness)

April 30 (When they arrived at the site of their new home)

May 2 (Meeting the Indian children)

May 30 (Tall John and his children)_____

August 15 (Father leaves)_____

September 1 (Living with the Indians)_____

October 25 (Father returns with the family)_____

TEACHER FOR A DAY

Linda Paquette
Helen Keller Jr. High
Eighth Grade
District 54

MATERIALS: None

PROCEDURE: This assignment began as a "multiple choice" composition. Students were told to combine one of the following:

- I am (1) President of Student Council
 (2) Teacher for a Day
 (3) Cheerleader

with one of these

- I am (A) Going to try to talk to a class.
 (B) Going to a tournament game.
 (C) Choosing a "Dress Day."

Most students chose "I am Teacher for a day trying to talk to a class."

No discussion preceded this assignment. Most students were eager to write when they received the assignment.

IN RETROSPECT:

I would have a discussion period before writing and would limit the assignment to "Teacher for a Day." The most valuable part of this assignment for me was that I saw into the student's view of me or other teachers from their "experiences" as teacher. I heard echoes of the threats I use and saw a just criticism of my discipline.

This assignment gave the students a view of my feelings also. Most expressed a fear of being overpowered by the class, of running out of material before the period was over, etc.

By Martin Getz, Esq.

TEACHER FOR A DAY TRYING TO TALK TO A CLASS

"Well class, I am your substitute teacher for today. As you can see, my name is Mortimer Sneerd."

"Hey you two, put down those cigarettes for a while so this smoke (cough! cough!) will clear up (gag!)."

"What's that son? Oh no, I really don't care where Harry put his ice cream cone. What else did you say? You don't advise me to sit down? That's silly, I'll just sit down in my chair here. (crack, squish) All right, Harry, come and clean this ice cream cone. "Class, stop laughing! Stop laughing I say!"

"Well, just for fooling around so much there won't be any television for you children today, even though you say your teacher lets you watch it for the last 45 minutes of the class period."

Now that you have settled down a little, I wish you to take out your text books. I didn't tell you what to do with them yet so quit ripping out the pages! Class! Class!!! (ugh!)

And so went another normal day during Modules 13-14-15 in room 100F Core class during a substitute visit. (Isn't you glad this is the end? I am!)

TEACHER FOR A DAY

Barbara West

I am going to talk to a class (or at least try to).

Well, my Core class just came in and it's the noisiest bunch of kids I have all day. All they do is talk, talk, TALK! Some of them are really rude too.

"Today the class is going to read Shakespeare and I better not hear any groans or you'll write out the story," I say. Shari and Linda start blabbing about boys and Jim and Glen start talking about how dumb they think Shakespeare is.

"Linda, shut-up or go out on a discipline slip! You too, Glen!" I say with a roar!

"I wasn't talking!" protests Linda.

"You were too and do not talk back!" I yell.

Finally, the class settles down enough to where we can get the books passed out. Suddenly Chuck throws one of the books across the room. "Chuck! one more move like that and you go to the office!" I scream.

"He told me to throw him the book," says Chuck.

"I don't care what he told you to do. Don't do it again!" I say.

Boy, what a day. Finally the kids shut-up and I start reading the story. (Henry VIII, to be precise.) About the middle of the story Linda and Shari are talking and I send them out on discipline slips. The class is quiet for awhile until Mike starts making fun of Linda B. "Well! That's it!" I roar!

Mike goes out on a discipline slip and the class is quiet the rest of the period.

A LESSON ON COMPOSITION FOR MIDDLE GRADES

Mary Hogan
Olive School
District 25

(Adapted from The Third Thing: A Teacher's Experience with Composition, written by Mrs. Osonna Nespar.)

Aim

To have pupils compose a description of person

Selection

from Mr. Popper's Penguins

by Richard and Florence Atwater

It was an afternoon in late September. In the pleasant little city of Stillwater, Mr. Popper, the house painter, was going home from work.

He was carrying his buckets, his ladders, and his boards so he had rather a hard time moving along. He was spattered here and there with paint and calcimine, and there were bits of wallpaper clinging to his hair and whiskers, for he was rather an untidy.

Procedure

Duplicate the paragraph for distribution. Allow pupils to read it silently then orally. Difficult words to be introduced before reading. After reading the following questions could be discussed.

1. Who is being introduced? (Mr. Popper)
2. Where does he live? (Stillwater)
3. What word or words tells you what kind of place it is? (pleasant little city)
4. What does Mr. Popper do? (housepainter)
5. Do you think he has a hard job? Why?
(It says he had a hard time moving along carrying buckets, ladders, and boards.)
6. Do we know what he looks like? (He has whiskers, spattered with paint and calcimine, and bits of wallpaper cling to his hair and whiskers)

Guide pupils to a discussion of people they know that they could describe to give us a good picture.

1. Where they saw the person.
2. What they were wearing.
3. Is there anything else you would notice? (Shape, size, expression)
4. Do they have any special things to do their job?

Possible subjects for writing: Milkman, mailman, a stranger.

Aim

To have pupils write a composition describing a feeling.

Selection

from The Courage of Sarah Noble
by Alice Dalgliesh

Procedure

Duplicate the paragraphs for distribution. Allow pupils to read them silently then orally. Difficult words to be introduced before reading. After reading the following questions could be discussed.

1. How were Sarah's feelings expressed?
2. Why would she rather go with her father?
3. Do you think John Noble was wise in leaving Sarah? Did it worry him at all?
4. Have you ever been in a similar situation? Did you ever stay home when your parents had to go some place?

Lead class discussion on an occasion when they had a feeling of fear or anxiety, and write a story expressing their feelings.

PICTURE COMPOSITION

Marilou Menella
Park School
Dist. 25 Grade 5

MATERIAL

A large travel poster of the Swiss Alps region showing a girl tending some cows in a meadow. In the background is a church, some run down buildings, and the mountains. There is a haze about the picture which might lead to speculation as to the time of day and the season.

METHOD

An extremely "free adaptation" of STOP, LOOK, AND WRITE by Leavitt and Sohn.

LESSONS

These lasted between thirty and forty-five minutes, depending upon how lethal a dose of Mennella flexibility permeated the discussion.

First day: The children were asked to look at the picture and write down what they could see from their seats. As they felt themselves straining, they could move closer for a better look. After about fifteen minutes of observation, we discussed what had been written and attempted to come to some conclusions. We discovered that most children recorded the most obvious objects within the first half dozen of their list. We compared the number of objects recorded - ranging from 17 to 44. We also pointed out objects only a few saw - there were many "singles" as well. We concluded that our eyes are used to taking in "the whole picture" and then begin to ferret out the details. We also surmised that 20/20 vision was not a guarantee that we could see all that was there to be seen.

Second day: The picture was again shown for the same amount of time. This time the emphasis was on description. In observation of the girl, for example: they might describe what she wore, looked like physically, etc. One of my students set the scene when he related to the class his experience as a witness to a burglary and how accuracy in describing a suspect aids in his quick

apprehension. In the discussion which followed, we tried to pick out the most graphic descriptions. As a criteria we posed the question, Would our audience be able to "see" what we had seen by listening to our words?

Third Day: The picture was again shown for the same amount of time. This time the emphasis was on imagination. Was there movement in the picture, noise, human voices, animal sounds, sounds of nature, etc.? What kind of mood or setting might be imagined or evoked by the "sounds"? What time of day was it? What season? What was the weather like? What might be lurking in the shadows or inside those buildings, over the hill, or in the parts we cannot see? The children had a field day here. They have vivid imaginations which unfortunately is not matched by their skills in presentations in written forms. However, they were highly motivated to communicate the results.

Fourth Day: The picture was again placed in the children's view. This time it served merely as inspiration. We spent the period discussing possible ways of using this picture as the basis of a story. They wrote opening paragraphs, most of which set the scene. Some wrote fantastic descriptive paragraphs. Some also went a little overboard, trying to include too much. On the whole, however, they seemed determined to do their best.

Fifth Day: The picture was again up for inspiration. Today, we threw caution to the wind, and got down to the "nitty gritty" as one child put it -- we wrote our stories. On the whole I was most pleasantly surprised. A few more of my "bench warmers" found themselves getting a toehold on first base. We read our stories to each other and each one tried to gain some insight from what another had done.

RESULTS:

The following composition would not perhaps be considered "exceptional" by some, but it represents a real break-through for a youngster who too often has found herself overwhelmed by everything.

War, But Don't Leave Nature

The summer's sun is warm and a cool breeze's going by. The sky's blue with white clouds that look like cotton. The grass's knee high with bushes and trees. The Gray Rock Mountains look like they are set right on the hill where Gramps and I live. It looks oh so peaceful.

But behind the Gray Rock Mountains, a war's going on. Gramps house roof's gone because of a bomb. Still old Gramps and I are not going to move from such a beautiful place like this. Gramps says that you can't leave a place full of nature like this.

When an attack comes we hide in a cave in the hill. Poor Lily! Her calf died because of a bomb. It was eating close to the house when the bomb came. Now, our cow, Lily, only stands by the church and watches the cross on the grave.

Why is my heart always thumping so hard?

ASSIGNMENTS AND RESULTS

EFFECTIVE WRITING THROUGH PICTURES

Judith Peterson
Ridge School
District 25 5th Grade

Lesson Plan

I. General Objective

To stimulate pupils to write with clarity through close observation of a picture.

II. Specific Objectives

- A. To allow pupils to observe at close range the details in the picture.
- B. To motivate pupils to write with freshness and originality.
- C. To help pupils select a brief and striking title for their description, story or essay.
- D. To instill in pupils the desire to proof-read their own paper for mechanical errors.

III. Materials.

- A. Large picture (24" x 30") full of action displayed on a bulletin board easily seen by pupils at their seats.
- B. Paper, pencils, and dictionaries for pupils.

IV. Procedure

- A. When pupils arrived in the room between 8:45-9:00, they were directed to the bulletin board with the picture and caption which read: "See HOW MUCH you can see by 9:05." I was amazed at the comments I heard: "Oh, would my mother be mad if bears got into our cabin!" exclaimed one girl. "Oh, look! The guys are coming back." exclaimed another boy. I could see readily the children enjoyed the action in this picture and really saw the little details.
- B. After opening exercises pupils again had their attention drawn to the picture with the following questions asked by me about it to motivate their creative thinking.
Discussion was kept at the bare minimum.
 - 1. What names could you give to the bears?
 - 2. Is the Mother bear old or young? What shows she is either old or young?

3. Whose cabin was this? Describe the inside.
 4. What have the bears done?
 5. What are each of the bears doing now? How do each of the bears feel?
 6. What do you think might happen?
 7. How do the colors add to the action in the picture?
 8. How are each of the bears alike?
 9. How are each of the bears different?
 10. How are each of the foodstuffs alike?
 11. Find a similarity between two things that few people would even think of comparing?
- C. "Now you will have the opportunity to write down on paper all that you have seen in this picture as if you had actually been watching the bears and wanted to tell someone about them. You may write this in any form-- detailed description, a story or an essay. However, it might be more effective if you imagine yourself talking to someone who had not seen the bears. Right now all I am interested in is WHAT and HOW MUCH you have to say as a result of your observation. Get your ideas down now and we will work on mechanical errors later."
- D. Pupils were given twenty minutes to write. At the end of twenty minutes the papers were collected. The pupils were told that during the day they could come and get their paper from the folder if an idea occurred to them and they wanted to write it down before they forgot again. All pupils had at least a paragraph written at the end of the twenty minutes. Some were finished, and some were not. They were told they would have tomorrow's language period to work on them again.
- E. The next day, papers were quickly returned and the pupils were asked to read through quickly their descriptions, stories or essays. Then I conducted a quick lesson on how to select a brief and striking title which would sum up directly or by suggestion, the most important idea, feeling or action in their writing. I asked them to think of single word titles first and write them down. Then I asked them to write down several titles which had more than one word. Finally, I asked them to decide by asking themselves the following questions (written on the board):
1. Which title is the most exact?
 2. Which title makes you say, "There--that's got it!"
 3. Which shows the most inaccurate idea, feeling or action?
 4. Which is too plain and easy?
 5. Which one makes you see or feel something you missed at first?

F. The pupils were given the next twenty-five minutes to finish their descriptions, stories or essays. When they were finished they were asked to proof-read carefully their writing for mechanical errors: margins, spelling, handwriting, capitalization, punctuation, sentence variety, run on sentences, etc. Here help was given by more able pupils and myself. In some cases, they exchanged with their neighbors and read each others. In regard to spelling they were asked to write on a scratch piece of paper any words they were not sure of the spelling and bring it to me or another pupil for correction. Some used their dictionaries. The pupils were allowed to decide for themselves whether or not they should recopy their story. The writings were collected when the pupils felt they had done their best.

V. Evaluation

The pupils enjoyed this method and most sincerely tried to do their best. I plan to **use** further **ideas** in STOP, LOOK, and WRITE! by giving each pupil a **different** picture to observe carefully.

Ideas based on Hart Day Leavitt and David A. Sohn's paperback book entitled Stop, Look, and Write!

"It was this cabin if I remember correctly," said Joe as he opened the cabin door.

"What did it look like?" asked Ed, Joe's friend.

"Well, the mother bear, who was called 'Old Baby' was sitting right about here with a can of lard in her hand," said Joe pointing to the spot.

"About how tall was she?" questioned Ed.

"Oh about seven feet from the floor," exaggerated Joe.

"Wow, that's pretty tall!" exclaimed Ed.

"Yeah, then there was a little brown bear cub named Frisky, and a little black bear cub named Nosey," said Joe in one big breath.

"Go on," said Ed curiously.

"Well my dad is the boss of this place and this guy brought him up here, boy was it a mess," said Joe.

"What did it look like?" asks Ed.

"On the shelves everything was turned over, Nosey was drinking maple syrup. Frisky was in the bread box, Old Baby was looking out of the window," said Joe.

"Yuk," said Ed. "What did your dad say?"

"Well, there was also a box of food, a broken stove and chair," said Joe.

"Yeah, but what did your dad say?" interrupted Ed.

"For a moment after the bears left he just stared," said Joe pretending like the bears were there and he was staring.

"Yeah, hurry up," said Ed.

"Then he started laughing and the other man joined in," said Joe hurrying up a little.

"Is that all?" asked Ed.

"Not quite," said Joe. "They saw the bears looking in the window and laughed even harder."

"Where did your dad stay?" asked Ed.

"Oh they let him stay in another one," said Joe.

"Dingalingaling lunch," called the Cook.

"Come on lets get to lunch," said Ed.

"Ok," said Joe.

Messy Bears

Diane

"Oh, what a mess those bears made!" said Joan.

"Tell me about them," said Joan's pal Nancy.

"Well, when we went into the cabin we saw three bears, the mother bear was Clin, the brown bear was Yogi, and the other baby bear was Smokey. Oh, you should have seen what happened! The stove was knocked over and pictures were off their hooks. We had a box of food and half of the food was all over the floor. Beans spilled. Cracked eggs were all over the floor. A broken bottle of catchup spilled on the cabinet, and chairs knocked over. Yogi was eating a loaf of bread whole. Smokey was drinking a whole bottle of maple syrup, and Clin was eating a can of LARD!"

"What did you do then?" asked Nancy excitedly.

"We didn't have to do anything," answered Joan. "The bears ran out the window as fast as they could."

What a mess those bears made of that cabin. Yogurt, the mother bear had knocked down a box of foodstuffs and then the baby bears, Cottage Cheese and Sour Cream, the mean bear were investigating. First Yogurt found a can of beer and drank it. This made her tipsy, so she sat down, contently with the bucket of lard. Meanwhile the baby bears broke all the eggs and scattered them all over. Cottage Cheese, being very curious, jumped right on top of the stove. Then, like an ape Sour Cream started climbing up the stovepipe. Down it came with a crash. So Cottage Cheese started swinging on a plaque of fish hanging directly over the wrecked stove.

Cottage Cheese took her paw and knocked down everything off the shelf. She spilled catsup and started to take all the bread out of the bread boxes.

Sour Cream meanwhile spilled the milk and coffee. Then she decided to have her vitamin C. So she started to eat the orange, peel and all.

Cottage Cheese thought oranges were too sour so she started to drink the syrup.

Sour Cream started jump on the bed and dragged it off the bed.

Just then Yogurt looked out the window and seemed to say, "cheese it." Off Yogurt, Cottage Cheese and Sour Cream scampered.

Boy, those men were mad and the one in the suit said to the other man "You're fired."

Wow what a mess those bears made out of that cabin.

Jack invited me up to his country cabin, in Yellowstone park. We came up there to have a nice relaxing week-end.

When we got to the cabin some bears had been there. We walked in the door and found an absolute mess. The stove had been torn down. Eggs, bread, and jam were all over the floor. The chair was broken. To top it all off the three bears Yogi, the mother, and her two cubs, blackie, and cinnamon were still there. Now I ask you how do you get a big hungry bear out of a cabin. It was really a complete mess.

Jack had a big box of camping supplies on the shelf. Those bears got into that and that was all.

We went back to the city.

Mischievous Bears

Scott Waara

Three bears were doing the once over on a cabin. A little brown bear found a pack of cigarettes but he wouldn't smoke because he was afraid he would get lung cancer. A mother bear called skinny found a chocolate bar but she refused to eat it. She was afraid that if she did it would ruin her complexion. Instead she ate a big can of lard, which really isn't good for complexions either. The third little bear wasn't doing so good either. He was going to have pancakes with syrup. The thing is that he forgot the pancakes, he just drank a big bottle of syrup. Then they went home for 2 reasons, 1, the owners of the cabin were coming back, 2, they had terrible stomach aches.

The Reckless Three!

Ray Hammerli

Bang! Crash! All of a sudden I started running toward my cabin. I knew Fogie, a mother bear, and her two reckless cubs Whirlwind and Sniffer were on the loose, but I didn't think they would wreck my cabin.

When I rushed to my cabin I was panting heavily. I looked in the window and saw the messiest mess in the universe. Sniffer who had pried open an egg carton was trying to shake two eggs off his nose. Whirlwind was twirling around on a cabinet and was knocking ketchup bottles, mustard jars, matches, jelly jars, peanut butter jars, and pickle jars all over the cabin, meanwhile Fogie, who had been eating some lard from a can, saw me staring through the window. She dropped the can of lard, picked up a large bottle of red paint, and hurled it out the window. I threw myself under a tree but the bottle of paint hit it and broke. Paint splattered all over me and the grass around me. My head was as red as a cherry. Just then Fogie leaped out of the window and started chasing me. I tore down to the lake in front of my cabin and dove in covering the water with red paint. Fogie skidded to a stop and loped back to the cabin.

Sniffer who was the most curious of the three had opened a cigarette pack and was chewing on them. Whirlwind had managed to open up a can of coffee and was throwing handfuls of coffee all over the cabin. Fogie was now eating lard again.

I climbed out of the lake shivering. A tomato came flying out the window but missed me. I picked it up and threw it back through the window. All of a sudden I heard a howl of pain. Sniffer had been hit in the ear. Whirlwind picked up two eggs and wound up. Then he spun them out the window. One hit me in the back and the other one hit me in the leg. Whirlwind tumbled forward from his dizziness. Sniffer picked up a box of all sorts of food and slammed them against a cabinet. He picked it up again and threw it against a velvet covered bed. The box split open spilling all sorts of food on the floor. He sat back against the wall and started drinking syrup from a bottle. Whirlwind was jumping up and down on a loaf of bread. Suddenly Fogie decided that they had better go. She got up and grunted for the cubs to follow her. Sniffer threw the empty syrup bottle out the window and Whirlwind jumped off the cabinet. Then all three of them lumbered away leaving my cabin a horrible mess.

Messy Guests

David Batty

As I walked in I saw Gertrude and her two cubs, Fred and Harry who were the park bears. They were making shambles out of my cabin the stove was bent there were eggs, cereal, fruit, jam, catsup, cans, chairs, boxes, bottles, and bowls all over the floor.

Harry was sitting on the shelf eating a watermelon bigger than him, and Fred was on the floor drinking a bottle of syrup. As Gertrude was tasting the lard, she saw some hot pepper and went over and gobbled it all up. Right then she jumped out the window and headed for the lake and her cubs scrambled out the window darting after their mother.

GROOKS

Composition Assignment

Jeanne Peters
Helen Keller Jr. High
Dist. 54

(1) OBJECTIVE

Teaching poetry (either reading or writing of) is a touchy subject. Students have often been "turned off" by poor handling of poetry in the past. Often, when asked to write poetry, they have felt constricted by form--rhyme, meter, etc. An appealing aspect of the "Grook" is that it has only two criteria:

1. It has two lines which rhyme; 2. It makes some comments about life. There are restrictions as to line length, number of lines, etc. I hoped that my students would be able to write more freely and enjoy this form of poetry.

(2) MATERIALS

Dittoed copies of some of Piet Hein's Grooks, plus one of my own.

(3) PROCEDURE

After passing out copies of the Grooks, I read them aloud and we discussed the comment involved in each one, and the freedom of this form. I also gave them a bit of background information on Piet Hein and how he came to invent the grook. (See attached sheet)

Following the discussion I asked the kids to think and talk about possible comments they might like to make. Some ideas that evolved were: school rules, doing household chores, boy-girl relationships, teachers, etc.

I then went around helping kids individually to specify exactly what it was they wanted to say, and giving suggestions about word choice, rhyming, etc.

(4) IN RETROSPECT

The students reaction (initially) was "We like to read them, but why do we have to write them?" From the grooks they produced, however, I feel that they gained a little in the writing process. They thoroughly enjoyed listening to each other read the following day.

GROOKS

Piet Hein

The Road to Wisdom

Mankind

Grades Are... (by J. Peters)

Grades were invented
to tell a lot
about what I got;
Between you and me
it's what I know not!

Yes, the word is Grook, or Gruk if you happen to live in Denmark. It has no special meaning and was simply made up by a fascinating Dane who happened to like the sound.

The Danish poet's name is Piet Hein (pronounced Pete Hine), and his grooks are as popular in Scandinavia as peanuts are in this country. Nearly half a million copies of his Grook books have been sold, and translations have carried his verses as far away as Iran, Japan, and Indonesia. You're simply not an "in" Dane unless you can pop a Grook into your conversation.

The writer himself is as interesting as his words. As an inventor he made a lock that had only two moving parts and was ingenious enough to fascinate Albert Einstein. As a mathematician he worked out the formula for a superellipse. This new shape is a cross between a circle and a regular ellipse and has found many uses.

Piet Hein is a hero in Denmark not only for his mind but also for his courage. During World War II, Nazi troops occupied Denmark. Joining the resistance movement, Mr. Hein invented the Grook

and began sending his poems out as subtle messages to his countrymen. The "Consolation Grook" at bottom left was one of these.

"It said," Mr. Hein has explained, "That what happens to you from the outside is less important than how you take it. It is only bad if you take it the wrong way. The Danes knew what I meant."

Today Mr. Hein is as inventive as ever and even does the drawing for each of his verses. Can you do a grook or two? There is no set form. The idea is to make a short, meaningful comment about life. Try grooking and add an illustration if you like. Then let Read see what you have grooked.

(Reprinted from Grooks by Piet Hein by permission of the MIT press. Cambridge, Massachusetts, Copyright 1967 by Piet Hein.)

Life, By Robert S. Harrison the III
Today I live
Tomorrow I Die
Boy do I tell lies.

Time By Robert S. Harrison III
Time goes fast
Time goes slow
It only stops
When you're IN A HOLE

By Judy Johnson

I often wonder during the day
Why I do dishes instead of play?

Long hair on boys is really a bother.
I think it is because I'm a father.

Kids hate school,
They think it's a waste,
But then they find out they're wrong--too late.

Grooks Terry Petrovich

When School is over

When school is over,
some will be glad
But there's no doubt in my mind,
that some will be very sad.

Grooks

It's hard writing these grooks,
because I can't think of what to say.
But when I think of it,
I'd rather write grooks,
than read any books.

Grooks Joann Opatrny

Math is
Math is boring,
Math is hate;
I will ditch it
by a quarter to eight

The Clock
The letters are black,
The time is slow;
Gee, I wish the
clock would grow.

Grooks

Keith Warne

Roselle Road

Roselle Road is a mighty old road.
It doesn't even pass village code.
And when you ride down it you'll lose your back sprockett,
So don't drive on Roselle Road

Socks

When you get a hole in your sock,
Make sure you don't step on a rock
Cause if you do you'll hop.
And put a hole in your other sock.

By Ruth Leonhardt

THE SPEED OF TIME

Sometimes time goes slow,
Sometimes time goes fast.
Whatever comes in the future,
Will soon be in the past.

THE SPEED OF BOYS

Some boys are fast,
Some boys are slow,
Only you and him will know!

GROUP COMPOSITION

Bertha Wilson
North School
District 25

OBJECTIVE:

To give the class an experience in creative writing when the topic is suggested and discussed first. To see the various approaches the individuals in the group make.

PROCEDURE:

Discuss the suggested topic. Place words and ideas on the board on an overhead projector as they are mentioned by members of the class. The amount of time needed for this will vary with the class and the topic selected.

This group used the topic A Snow Day. Most of the group was anxious to get to the writing of their own story because they had many ideas. Some of the words and ideas mentioned and discussed included the following: people to be included - most wanted to include themselves as main characters; animals as pets, such as dogs; weather words; the idea that the story ought to be one that could happen; use of descriptive and action words.

Group compositions can be used many times with many variations possible. Many special days may be used as Halloween, Flag Day, Thanksgiving, etc., first day of spring, the day gravity failed. Using a beginning sentence, paragraph, or part of a story and having the group complete a story is a challenge to any group.

A Close Call

Mark

It was January 4 and it was snowing like it was raining for Noah. The snow had been coming down for about 1059 hours or 39½ days. It was time to go to bed. I kissed my mom and pa and went to bed.

It was January 5 and it had stopped snowing. Everyone was outside rejoicing. We live right next to the school. Friday aren't always so bad. I went to school but it was closed and the black-top was being plowed up. I went to see what all the gathering of people was. When I got there I found out that a child on a sled came down the slope and got hit by the plow.

Everyone was gone and there was like a great big tunnel. I crawled in and patted the snow down so it was smooth. It could hold about 13 kids. I thought I would go home and get my friends Ralph, Erik, Bob, Tom, Mike, Richard, and Will. We would make it our winter fort.

I got my friends and we were about three feet deep in it and all of the sudden it caved in. Richard and Erik were at the end and they got out. We had brought shovels and they were shoveling us out nice and fast. By now all but Will, Ralph, and I weren't out. Finally we crawled out and we were laying on the ground gasping for breath. We thanked everyone for shoveling us out. Then we went home. By this time we went home and ate. We told no one of our times.

THE BLIZZARD

Bob

It was around 6:00 when I got home from school. The teacher kept me until 5:30 p.m. I was bad. I drew a picture of her on the board. It took me half an hour. It usually takes me 15 minutes to get home, but the snow was coming down hard today. You couldn't see more than one foot ahead of you.

When I got home we were ready to eat. My Mom had bologna and bread on the table for me to eat. When I saw it I refused to eat it. I wanted a steak for I was very hungry. I pulled a steak out of the refrigerator. I cooked until it turned my favorite color which is black. After I ate it I went straight to bed. I had the wildest dream. I dreamed I was a runner of a part of the underground railroad.

The blizzard of 1861 had just ended. The snow was 10 feet high. We had been hiding some slaves in our attic. We could not more then because the "Rebs" were all around our house. I came up with an idea. We would dig a tunnel through the snow. It would be a risk that we would have to take.

My five brothers and I started digging. We had completed one mile in an hour. We worked all night. Then the slaves asked if they could. Just then about fifteen confederate soldiers rode up. We rushed the slaves into their hiding place. Then an officer knocked on the door. It was Major Nobsy's aide. They too had dug a tunnel. I just hoped they wouldn't find the slaves.

It was getting colder. I just hoped the slaves were all right. The tempature was staying at ten below. Finally Nobsy left. We began digging again. We made it to our neighbors house. With the slaves he was hiding, and the ones I was hiding, my brother, our neighbor, and me began digging. When it was 10 pm we all went to bed. The next morning we found another tunnel. It was criss-crossing ours. I went into the tunnel and saw that it started from a house where some Rebs were sleeping. They were digging tunnels, too. I went back and told them about it. We caved in their tunnel and began working again. Over the night the tunnel had frozen. We would have to cut through it. It took us 4 times as much time as it did yesterday. We finally reached a river. Now we would not have to go so far back to get a drink.

Just then we heard a rumble. Someone was digging into our side. We sent the slaves back to their hiding place. Just after the

slaves were in their place some soldiers barged in. They were Union soldiers.

"Were you the one who caved in our tunnel?" said the captain.

"What tunnel?" I asked.

"The tunnel leading to Grant headquarters," said the captain.

"But I saw some Confederate soldiers sleeping there," said I.

"They were dead," said the captain. "It's getting pretty cold out." "Let's go back to hq."

"May I bring our slaves too?" I asked. "I'm part of the underground railroad."

"Bring 'um'," said a corporol.

"Fine, I'll go get them," I said. "We'll be right there."

In a very short time we were at Grant's hq. He welcomed us. We had been digging for 5 days and had covered 120 miles. When the slaves saw Grant they had the widest smile I had ever seen.

I woke up then. The wind was blowing. It was 10:46. When I went downstairs guess what I found. A tunnel.

THE SNOW

Mike Fogel

Part I

It was a bright sunny morning, at school in the country in early January. It was snowing since we started for school. The snow was 7" high before. Everything was quiet until about ten o'clock, when we were ready for recess when the wind started blowing and the snow came down faster. Kids could hardly stand it outside. Finally the teacher said, "Everybody in." We played inside the rest of the break. After that everyone started working again. It kept on storming. After awhile I nudged the guy next to me and whispered, "I bet we're going to have a bad storm."

"So do I," said Bob. "It looks white and pretty out thou."

"Ya," I said.

Then the teacher came and told us to be quiet.

At lunch time everyone went downstairs to eat. The wind was still howling and the snow still coming. No one goes home for lunch in the country there. After lunch we didn't go out because of the weather. Everyone was talking about the weather until the teacher came up. I heard one guy said, "We might be envaded." Another girl said, "It's a blizzard, the end of the world."

I just thought they were just nuts. I thought we might be snowbound. That's all!

After the bell rang said to listen to the radio at home because we might have no school tomorrow. Everybody then yelled, "Ya"!!

At the end of the school day the bus came picked us up except those whose mothers wanted to drive there kids.

It snowed most of the night. My dad started a fire while I did my homework. I watched some T.V. when it then went off because of the weather. I was mad cause I mist my favorite T.V. show.

When I went to bed I told my mom to listen to the radio tonight. The next morning we had school. We could hardly get out the house. The snow was coming down heavy again. I usually like the snow, but now I'm starting to get tired and worried about it. I walked down to the corner slowly. The bus was late. There weren't

many kids. Only thirty-three.

When we got to the school it looked almost all white. The door was half way open. It was cold out that day. Two other busses came with fifty-eight and fifty-four kids. Not too many kids came to school.

We did almost the same thing, except we wrote a story on being snowbound. It snowed the whole day. At the end of the day we found out we were stuck inside the school. It kept snowing and snowing. The phones were out of order. The girls were frightened. That same girl said, "It is the end of the world." I didn't believe her. After awhile we heard sirens coming. but they past right by. I knew my mother would get worried if I didn't come home soon.

Some boys would watch television in the fifth grade room. I had saved some of my lunch so I could eat it on the bus like the rest of the guys do, so I had some of that. The two janitors, the principle, and the two men teachers tried pushing the door open. They could hardly open it. One of the teachers reached his hand out. He found it was ice. I went upstairs and looked out the window, it was barely snowing out. The snow was almost up to the window. The windows had frost on them.

Part II

We were now stranded for about a half-hour. My mother was getting worried.

"Hmmm," she thought to herself, I wonder where he is. Maybe the bus got stuck or it has a hard time on the slippery roads. That's it. The roads are pretty well plowed out!"

"I wounder what my mother is thinking," I said to myself. The men were still trying to open the door. Some of the kids were reading, some playing games and some drawing. We were there when the heat went out, so we put on our coats. I went to sleep later. It was an hour and fifteen minutes since we were stranded.

My mother said to herself, "The bus should be here by now." Then she thought they're snowbound maybe. As soon as she said that she got her coat on and struggled trying to get to the car. She had to shovel which took 29 minutes, worlds record. She was scarred stiff. When she got in the car she put in the key and pushed the gas peddle. "What am I doing." Turned the key. She got it started and drive out. As soon as she got on the main street it stauled. She walked about four in a half miles till she came to a opened

gas station. She asked them to get her car fixed and also to help get her son, but they refused. She went to police and fire stations, but they were snowbound to. She went home and just worried. It was about supper time and the kids were getting hungry.

A little girl was crying because she was scared. At seven o'clock, the electricity went out. Every girl started screaming. Most of us tried to get some sleep. It was still snowing hard. The snow was up the second story windows. Most of the snow turned to ice. Late at night we heard a loud crack. The weight of the snow was too much for the ceiling. It was starting to cave in. It was dark in the rooms. Everybody was jumping into walls.

Next morning most of the kids slept late. It was sunny out. It wasn't snowing, for a change. The electricity went on, but the phone still didn't work. The teachers gave us a few lessons.

It looked like the snow started to melt. Everyone was starving. The ceiling was still cracking.

Part III

My mother and father, in the morning, took shovels and went to the fire department. They got them out doing hard work. My father then told them what happened. They helped them. They brought picks and axes. It took two hours to get the snow out of the way. They got in just in time. As soon as everybody was out the roof caved in.

Everybody was glad to see people. The kids got a ride on the fire engine all the way home.

THE BIG SNOW, AND JOE

Rhonda

We were going to visit my cousin. It was October 16, 1966. It was raining. All of a sudden snow came falling down. I was with my family (my mom and me) my father died and I am an only child. Well, any way, it was just a light snowfall and it looked so pretty. But then when it stoped a minute later big blocks of snow came falling down. We were the only ones on the road at that time. We could hardly see the road! Suddenly a big block of snow covered the window we couldn't see then we ran into a tree the car was all smashed up. The tree was big but very weak - it fell right on our car and killed my mother. I was very sad. But there we were out in the middle of know where. Then a man with a beard popped out of the woods. He was not very big for a man. I would say he was about 5 foot 2. And had a tan hat it was about 2 inches high and had a brim around it. He had a long sleeved cheackered shirt on and a deer skin coat and long deer skin pants. He had blue eyes and a short arms. I could not see his hair because it was covered with snow. Then I started crying because of what happened to my mother and when the tears went down my face they froze. (That gives you an idea how cold it was). The man came toward me and asked how come I was crying and then he look in the car. He said he was sorry and asked me if I would come with him. I said I would because I was so cold.

When we got to his house or cave you might call it the snow was up to me ears.

He had a nice cave. Yes it was a cave. It looked like a long house with a long chimmney about at the end of the cave. The snow covered the roof. His cave was nice and warm.

He had a moose head up on the wall. And a nice picture on the side of the wall. The floor had a bear skin rug and a wooden hat rack. He had a lantern which was pure silver!

He offered me some hot coco in a wooden cup and I took it. I went over near the fire to drink and get warm. There was a big chair I was going to sit down in it, but I saw something moving. It jumped out at me and it was a rabbit. Oh it was the cutest rabbit I ever saw and three baby bunnys behind her. Then I saw two baby skunks! And three more after and then a big one it looked like it had a broken leg. They sat by the fire and ate there food.

The man asked me what my name was, and I said Judy. Then I

asked him what is name was and he said Hermit Joe, but you can call me Joe for short.

By this time my cousin was getting worried. She called the police and the Missing Persons Bruro! They couldn't find us.

Joe and I were real pals now. I told him the story of my life and I think he was quite impressed. He told me how he wanted a little girl like me, and told me how lonley he was.

Well a week had gone by and the snow was ten feet high, well maybe 5 feet high. The sun was shinen real bright and the snow started to melt. On Friday we could walk in the snow and would only be to our elbos. Joe and I made a big snow man. About 3:00 in the afternoon we heard sirens. About 3:30 there was a loud knock at the door. We opened it and it was a policeman. He asked if there was a Judy Rain here and I said I was Judy Rain. My cousin was in the police car and come to see if I was there. When she saw me she huged me and kissed me and asked me where my mom was and I told her the hole story. She said it was time to go home. I asked her if Joe could come home and live with us. Pam (my cousin) didn't have a husban, she needed a good worker. So Pam said yes and we lived happely ever after.

It was a cold winter day. It was damp and windy. The snow was falling down fast and now it was about two feet. It was 10° below 0.

My family and I were staying at our grandfather and grandmother's house. They lived in Illinois. They lived in the Southern part.

While my mom and dad, and sisters were talking to my grandpa and grandma, I decided to take a walk. My other sister Laura and my only brother Roy decided to come too.

So we started our walk. We brought our three German Shepherd dogs with us. We walked for a long time when all of a sudden I saw a cave.

"Look," I said. "I see a cave!"

"Where?" asked Laura.

"Over there," I said.

"Come on," said Laura.

"Where?" asked Roy.

"Over there by the big Oak tree," said Laura.

So we all started to go in. I went first.

"It's ok, come on in," I said. "See it's ok!"

"Are you sure?" asked Laura.

"Yes, come on in," I said.

So we all went in. When all of a sudden the cave fell down in front. Crash!

"Look!" said Roy.

"Oh no," said Laura, "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know," I said

"Look a fire," said Roy.

"Do you think someone was here?" asked Laura.

"I don't know," I said. But someone was here for a long time.
"Look at all the ashes."

"Bark, bar," It's Duke, Prince, and King. They're outside
in the snow.

"Go get help," I told them. "Go get mom and dad."

"They can't hear you," said Laura. What can we do?

"Look! I saw something," said Roy

"So did I," said Laura.

"Where?" I asked.

"Over there by that big rock," Roy said. "See! It's
gone! But I saw it!"

"Let's see if there is another way out," I said.

So we started to walk. When all of a sudden a man was in front
of us.

"Look," said Laura. "Where did you come from?"

"Come over here," the man said, "Do you know the way out?"

"No," I said, "Wait I hear something. It's our dogs."

So we four went on walking till we saw mom and dad.

"Boy am I glad to see you," I said.

Later when we were out, I asked the man what his name was.

"My name is Jim Spark. I was exploring that old Indian cave."

"Indian Cave," Roy said, "Boy, a real Indian cave!"

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Four o'clock", Mom Said, "You were gone a day. By the way ,
what did happen?"

One day it was a nice day. The sun was bright. I decided to take a walk. I went next door to see if my girl friend could come out and take a walk with me. She could come. Her mother said yes she said eve could go to the store and get some candy. While we were walking we were talking. Then all of the sudden it started snowing so hard. We started to walk to the nearest store or house or any kind of building. While we were looking we got lost and the snow got higher and higher. We could hardly walk any more. We were freezing of course we only had light jackets on and shorts and short socks on. The wind was blowing hard. My girl friend got a bunch of snow in her mouth and I got snow in both eyes. I could not see at all. I rubbed the snow out of my eyes and told Susan to spit the snow out of her mouth. She finally got all the snow out of her mouth. We walked a little more. Then I saw a light. It was at least a mile away but we went. It was dark now. When we got there we found out it was only some kids with flashlights. We went closer up. I asked where they were going. They said they were going home.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"About a block away I think and I hope," said one of the kids. "We live in Prospect Heights, where do you live?"

"We live in Arlington Heights," said Susan, "Do you know what city or town this is?"

"Yes," they all said.

We started walking again. It was very hard to walk. Pretty soon our legs were freezing. We could not walk any farther thats for sure. The snow was higher than our knees.

We called for help. No one came. We called again. This time the kids with the flashlight came.

I told them to go and get help from somewhere. They went to try to get help. One of them found a telephone booth so she tried to call someone but the phone was out. Then they walked some more. One of the boys found a service station so they went to see if they could get help. The boy asked if the phone was working.

"Yes," answered the man, "You can use it."

"Yes, we would like to use it," they all said.

The boy called his parents to get help.

The snow was up to our hips.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Brown," asked Jeff the boy who called.
"This is Jeff."

"Yes this is your mother, Jeff," answered Mrs. Brown, "What do you want?"

"We need you, this is an emergency, there are two kids that are almost frozen," said Jeff. "We are somewhere around the White's farm."

"Okay I will hurry," said Mother. "Good-bye."

She hung up and ran out of the house with her husband.

They got there just in time before Susan and I were frozen.

"You must be freezing to death children," said Mrs. Brown.
"We will take you to our house."

So Mrs. Brown carried Susan and Mr. Brown carried I to their house.

I felt so much better by their fireplace so did Susan feel better.

Mrs. Brown asked Susan and I what our phone numbers were. We told her.

"I will call your mothers and tell them you are here at my house," said Mrs. Brown. "I am afraid you would pass your colds."

Mrs. Brown dialed Susan's number first and told her that Susan was here and safe.

"You can come and get her tomorrow so she can get warmed up," said Mrs. Brown. "I live at 241 North Prospect Lane in Prospect Heights."

"Okay," said Susan's mother.

Then she called my mother and said the same thing. It was okay.

One sunny, ordinary-looking day in the last of January, a fourth grade boy emerged from the depths of North Preston in Arlington Heights. He was running lightly down the steps.

The boy was me. And I ran over to a patrol boy's post, I had no trouble convincing myself that this was the worst day I had ever had.

And a Monday on top of that! Monday! Phew! When I have a bad Monday, the rest of the week is awful, too.

"Hey, walk it!" yelled the patrol boy.

"Make me!" I shouted back. When someone is having a bad Monday, he doesn't need a patrol boy to make it worse.

"All right!" yelled the patrol boy. He began chasing me. The group of second-graders he was going to cross squealed with delight and crossed by themselves.

The patrol boy chased me across the street, and then quit.

I kept running, just in case, for a short distance. Then I was walking, then just plodding along, and after a while I was dawdling, as kids will.

Then I saw a snowflake. "That's funny," I thought. "How could we have snow on a sunny day like today?" Then I looked at the sky. To my surprise, it was cloudy.

"I wish there would be a million billion more of you," I said to the snowflake. "Then school would be closed and I wouldn't have to have page 303 done."

I thought a moment, and then said, "No, I don't think that would work. The teacher would have to have 303 in if you had to send it by air mail. But I'd like a lot of snow anyway."

The sky was even cloudier by now, and there were more and more snowflakes in the air.

By the time I got to the next corner, snowflakes filled the sky. And they were coming down faster and were a lot bigger. and the wind, which had been barely noticeable five minutes ago, was now a howling monster that screamed and sent snowflakes shooting at my face.

Two blocks and seven minutes later, it no longer seemed to be snowing. It was snowballing.

That was true enough. The snowflakes were the size of small snowballs, and they were hurrying to the ground, and they crowded the sky like Christmas shoppers on State Street.

Now I was no longer walking on the sidewalk. Instead, I was walking on a carpet of snow two inches thick.

By now it was so cloudy and dark that I could hardly see. I managed to make it to Euclid Street, where there was a streetlight.

Euclid Street was a sight. Cars were sliding around and banging into each other.

I managed to make it across Euclid. There were plenty of lights on in houses and streetlights on. Still, it was hard to see through the snow.

All of a sudden I hear a crack above me as a snow-loaded tree branch fell. I jumped out of the way fast. The branch missed me, but it brought down a wire. Immediately the streetlights and house lights went out.

That hurt. Now there was no light to see by. I groped blindly on for a little bit, but then a terrific gust of wind came and blew me into a snowdrift. Then another gust came and blew me the rest of the way in.

I tried to get out, but couldn't. So I hollowed out a little of the inside, and went to sleep.

The next morning (or I think it was morning) I dug my way out in hopes of getting home.

As soon as I got out, I saw that getting home was a hopeless case. The ground had four feet of snow on it, as much as eight feet in drifts. I rubbed my eyes. No, I wasn't seeing things. My wish had come true! There was enough snow on the ground to close three schools! But I wished that it hadn't come true so much, so I could get home.

I struggled back to my snowdrift and made the inside a little bigger. Then, because I could think of nothing better to do, I did my arithmetic. Snow or no snow, the teacher would want that arithmetic in when school reopened.

I went to bed that night wishing that the snow would never melt and that I could live in my little snow-house forever. I was not very hungry, because I had done little that day besides my arithmetic, but I was thirsty so I held some snow between my mittens until it melted and then I drank it.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt very wet. I went outside and found that the snow was melting. There was still a lot of snow left, but there was not too much for the plows to handle. The plows came at about nine o'clock. I ran out to meet them. One of the men took me to school.

I got my picture in the paper, along with a story of my adventure. My mom had wondered what had happened to me. She was very glad to see me.

The Winter Olympics of Arlington Heights

Terri Prellberg

It was two years ago when it happened. The biggest snowstorm ever. Man oh man was that snow coming down fast. It was like millions of feather pillows split open. It started when I got up at 5:00 and when I left for school it was about 10½ feet deep. I had to turn back home before I got to the end of the block because I bumped into every tree, bush and just about every shovel. I couldn't see where I was going at all. When I got inside I was like a walking snowman, and a pretty good one too.

Well it kept on and on for about two days. Sometimes the sun would come out and melt the snow about one inch, but then it would snow again about one inch. By night-time it was the same depth as it was two days earlier. My dad worked constantly on shoveling the big drift in our front sidewalk.

Late in the afternoon the man with the snowplow came and plowed the street. Our house was the last one on the block and our street was dead end. So we ended up with a giant hill right in front of our house. It was almost as big as the biggest building in Chicago. Probably bigger than the ski-jumps in Grenoble France where the Winter Olympics would be held in 2 months.

Meanwhile in Grenoble, France, the sun was as hot as a fire cracker and snow was melting like mad. I guess we took all of the snow they expected to have for the Olympics.

Well word got on through to France that we got their snow and all the skiers were red hot mad because they traveled all the way to France and then have to go to Arlington Heights. They had to fly

all the equipment by plane and set up the course.

Two months went by very fast and before I knew we were sitting on our roof watching the skiers ski down the giant hill.

Snowed In

It was Dec.8, 1957. I was listening to the radio when I heard there would be four feet of snow. Then I heard my mother and father leave out the front door. I wasn't in school because I was sick but my brother and sisters were.

Then the snow started. It was coming down so fast I could hardly see outside.

Then all of a sudden I heard my little sister yelling "Mommy! Mommy!" I ran to see what was the matter. She was wet and what a mess she was. I changed her then the phone rang.

"Yes, who is it," I said.

There was no answer. I knew the lines had come down. Then I looked outside. I couldn't even see. Then I turned on the radio and I found out noone could go in or out the school. It was 3:00 when I found out that planes couldn't fly in or out the
(the rest is missing)

Sudden Winter Olympics Tom Wolfmeyer

As I was walking home from school I could hardly see over the snowdrifts.

So the village decided to get together all their plows and put all the snow in one place to make a hill and a ski jump. So they did that.

It turned out to be such a good course that all the people decided to hold the Winter Olympics there.

Main skiers like Jean Claude Killy and Billy Kidd were there.

On the hill the village made a giant slalom, a slalom, a maximum 100 meters ski jump, and a cross country race.

The Olympics turned out to be fine! Killy won 3 gold medals, and Kidd won 2 silver.

That was sure a sudden Winter Olympics!

By Kathy Walsh

Hello there!

I'm your trusty sponge. I bet you'd like to know how I came to sit in sinks.

My start was in a large body of deep blue water. Only a couple days ago some men came and got me. They told me they would make me extremely beautiful. So I went along with their ridiculous plan and here's where I end still as dreadful as ever. I'm in a big, dirty, brick building surrounded by men and machines. Here I sit still the same small gray blob of sponge with holes (page 2 missing) buttons red, blue, yellow, and green. This machine isn't at all scary, it's even rather jolly looking, with all its bright colors. Just listen to the pleasant sound, swish ..swish..swish. Oh, this paint is cold. How nice, more mirrors ahead. What a pretty yellow I am. How glad I am I came.

Great another dark machine, I'll take this one like a man! My I'm getting warm; the heat seems to be coming from the machine ahead. The temperature seems to be rising extremely fast. What is this? An oven? This paint might be pretty but it's hardening on me, because of this heat. At last I'm out of there.

"Well another batch are permanently colored," yelled a tall dark man working the machines.

Oh well how nice, now I'll never have to go through this experience again. And look what's comin' up, a group of women. Even we sponges know what beautiful women are, but they wrecked her shape in the first machine. But she still is cute with that lovely pink body.

I'll just shift in right behind her...I made it. What? They're picking her up and putting her into a plastic bag. Now What?? They're putting me in the bag too.

Now we're both closed up tight and ready to be shipped to the store.

"Ah, well hello, my name's Sammy what's yours?"

"Oh, my name's Sandy."

"That's quite a nice name."

"Thank you."

Finally we're sitting on a shelf in a large store with loads of people and all sorts of different items. Everyone is taking the other packages of sponges, but not us.

I can feel a jerk, a big dark haired man, with lots of muscles, just picked us up and threw us into the basket. Here we are swished under a can of tomatoes and several cans of frozen orange juice.

As Sandy and I sit here talking we freeze. By the time we reached the check out counter and swished into a bag we were too involved in conversation to notice.

As we reached the house we found that the kitchen was small and dark. The man had two baby sons and a five year old daughter, that was as cute as a daisy. Then we heard a yell from the other room, that gave us a sharp shock. It was the woman of the house.

As they unloaded us they took me out of the package and threw me in the sink..poor Sandy got thrown under the cabinet to be alone in the dark.

As soon as they were done unloading the bags, they put me to work washing dishes, cleaning out sinks, this is worse than being married. Why did I get handsome just to do dirty jobs.

One of the baby's just spilled his milk, guess who gets the job of cleaning it up...me! Oh, she squeezes hard.

Weeks later

I'm getting old, dingy and dirty from all the sinks I've scrubbed. They use kitchen cleanser that ruins my lovely surface, and make me scrub till I'm sore.

Oh great, here comes muscle man, and he's bringing up Sandy. He threw her in the sink.

"Hi Sandy."

"Hello Sammy."

Ow, he's picking me up. He's thrown me into a bag full of coffee grounds, that are wet, bumpy, and make me itch. There's food cans that smell spoiled and very unpleasant.

Well, I guess I'll never see Sandy again, it's time for my retirement, I gather.

The End

By Steve Rogowski

I am a wallet. It's not a bad occupation because I've always got money.

There are a couple of parts that I don't really like that much like when this guy "uch" sits on me.

I like the dark of his back pocket.

I'm very glad when I have money in me. I don't like stores because when my owner goes to the store I lose some of my money.

This man depends on me to hold his money and keep it safe for him. I make him feel secure.

The credit cards take up an awful lot of space but I'd rather have him use them instead of my money.

I'm always with this man and he takes me wherever he goes.

One night he went out with this real cute broad. Man he spent at least \$150 dollars on her. I don't see how she can have such a good figure with all that food she put away. He sat on me for about an hour. Wheww!

He's got some nice pictures in here too. Let's see his house, a couple of girls, his car, and his parents.

I like buttons because they make sure that I stay instead of getting lost.

Well here he comes. I guess we're going to work again.

By Judy Parry

I am a pen. My friends are Wallet, Mirror, Lipstick, Nail polish, Comb, and Pencil, because we have a lot in common. She is blue, our owner's favorite color. We both hate to be twirled around because it makes us dizzy. I hate to be refilled because it makes me sick. New ink always makes me sick. Pencil doesn't know what it is, like to be refilled. She's lucky. Our owner has the tendency to bite us when he is nervous. Boy! Does that hurt. At least I don't get teeth marks as easily as Pencil does, but my owner bites all the harder. Sometimes only my cap gets bitten and it doesn't hurt.

I hate it when he writes with me. But you should hear Pencil scream everytime he writes with her. She's lucky she only gets used for Math. One time my owner wrote on sandpaper with me. I almost died. I never have written right ever since that day. It was horrible.

I hope my owner throws me away. Then I won't have to go through all this misery. But then, I will miss Pencil and all my other friends. I can't stand all this chewing and slobbering all over me and being borrowed to different people. What would you do if you were a pen?

The Waste Basket

Richard Smith

I am a Waste basket. Nobody ever thinks of us waste baskets. They just throw the paper at me. Sometimes I would like to throw all that paper back at them. It always hurts when they hit my rim, but I love it when they miss. They get so angry. When the teacher says, "You can throw away the test papers, if you want to." I hate it. Then she sets me in the corner. Those walls are so big. They always pick on me. Sometimes I would like to grow taller than any of them and pick on them. The best time I have is when everybody is gone and the janitor empties me, I feel so light. At night when nobody's around, it's nice and quiet. But in the morning, they come again. Sometimes I would like to get up and run away from all that paper. But I can't, I don't have any legs. So I just sit in the corner day in and day out.

Key

Ruth Leonhardt

I am a key, and everyday I get put into a lock and open a door. After I have done my job of unlocking a door, my owner puts me into his pocket. It's very comfortable in his pocket, it's not too cold and not too hot. I am cushioned by the double lining of his pants. Actually I have a very easy life, until I get lost, then going gets rough. The only reason it gets rough is because I'm spoiled by the comfortable cushioned pocket, and I'm not used to people stepping on me. When I get found, I'm just hung on somebody's key chain, and then my work stops, for I have no locks to open. So, if you ever get a key like me, don't lose me please?

Chair

John Shabatura

I am a chair. I think that I am the most unhappy thing around. When Uncle Rick comes over to visit I must die a hundred times. He weighs at 275 lbs. of solid fat. My kind of work isn't too good at fresh air. The only time I get fresh air is when I get to be moved when they move the furniture. They pick me up and a breeze hits me right on my broken body.

After a couple years I get varnished. That feels so good when the brush goes over my weary and broken body.

I can't see much all day but total darkness. Someone is sitting on me all day.

LETTER WRITING UNIT

LETTER WRITING UNIT

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I. GENERAL GOALS

The goals of teaching this letter writing unit are not only to develop skills in writing friendly and business letters, but to develop understanding between two people through communication. Since most students will do little writing after their completion of formal education, letters are their compositions for the future as well as the present. I feel that through letters students can express personal feelings and needs and respond to another's feelings and needs. Since this unit is taught during the beginning two weeks of school, my goal is that it will open up a two-way communication between the students and the teacher.

II. SPECIFIC GOALS

Some of the specific ways which the students may develop a sensitivity in communication are outlined in this unit. Through coordination of literature, composition, and usage, students are encouraged to see the value of communicating ideas clearly and correctly in a personal style. The students are given the opportunity to look into the past at letters written by well-known people in history and to look at the present by actual correspondence with personal acquaintances, businessmen, foreign pen pals, public figures in areas of sports, politics, publishing, and entertainment.

The goals of this unit involve the teacher in guiding the students in:

- A. Experiences of confrontation with people through reading and writing letters.
- B. Experiences in the development of skills which will make these confrontations more satisfying.

III. INTRODUCTION OF UNIT

- A. Pass out ditto sheet with brief listing of the assignments you expect students to cover in the unit. Go over each item and explain in more detail what you hope students will achieve.

- B. In preliminary discussion of letter writing, you will draw from the students what they know about writing letters, what experience they have had, and what they have gained from personal experience in letter writing.
- C. In your discussion, help the students draw some of the following conclusions:
 - 1. A letter has a purpose
 - 2. A letter has a way of talking by mail.
 - 3. A letter speaks for you when you cannot be present yourself.
 - 4. A letter is an expression of you; it should make a good impression for you.
 - 5. A letter can urge you to do something.

In summarizing the purpose of letter writing, you might say:

"People write letters in response to an urgent human need -- emotional, social, political, or business. The need always determines the kind of letter."

IV. FRIENDLY LETTERS

- A. Vacation letter - At the end of the first day of discussion on letter writing, I pass out a dittoed personal letter to students welcoming them back to school and giving an account of my summer activities. After reading the letter, they find that their first assignment is to answer my letter. I find that the students are interested in what their teacher does over the summer and I also feel, contrary to some opinions, that students do like to talk about their summer experiences if they can do so in a different way than the usual essay account.

Students are asked to read over suggestions in their text for form and content for writing friendly letters. The students are told that their letters will not be graded, but that I will make a list of their errors on a ditto sheet which they can refer to after their letters are returned. The list of misspelled words is used for spelling lessons and certain other corrections are discussed with the class.

- B. Letter to a Triple-Threat Grammarian - This is a humorous letter from an athlete to his English teacher. It is full of usage errors. The students are asked to correct the letter in groups. We then talk about the changes. No grading on this activity.

C. Other suggested activities for writing friendly letters at this time or throughout the year:

1. Students in one class write friendly letters to students in another class.
2. Students write letters to principal, commenting on school rules.
3. Students write letters to servicemen in Vietnam.
4. Students write pretend letters to correspond to different periods in history:
 - a. Pioneer days
 - b. Civil War
 - c. Space Age
5. Students write pretend vacation letters from some places they would like to visit: Florida, California, Hawaii in winter months; foreign countries.

D. Social Notes - There are several forms of notes with which students should become acquainted if they are to be able to express their inner feelings in specific circumstances. In introducing this area of letter writing, students should be given an opportunity to discuss notes which they have written and received. Although students will not be assigned to write all types of notes at this time, they should know how to write the following:

Thank-you, bread-and-butter, invitation, acceptance or rejection of an invitation, get well, condolence, congratulations, apology, welcome, and farewell. (Personal notes should challenge Hallmark Company.)

E. Pen Pal Letters - Students who do not have pen pals should be encouraged to start a correspondence. In introducing this discussion, ask students who have received letters from pen pals in other countries to share their experiences by bringing letters to class and telling interesting information about their pen pals.

Sources for obtaining names for pen pals in the United States and other countries are:

1. Student Letter Exchange, Waseca, Minnesota 56093
2. People to People, Inc, 2401 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 64141
3. Letters Abroad, 18 E. 60th St., New York, N.Y.
4. English Speaking Union Pen Pals, 16 E. 69th St., N.Y.N.Y.
5. United Nations, Office of Public Information, N.Y.N.Y.

6. Peace Corps, Washington, D.C.
7. Ministers of local churches - missionaries
8. Teachers who may have friends or relatives in other countries.
9. Students who have pen pals who may have friends interested in starting correspondence.

These are suggestions for students, but they should also be encouraged to keep contacts with friends who move from their school to different parts of the United States.

- F. Diary or Journal (Letters to Yourself) - This is an opportunity to introduce the continuing journal idea or to suggest keeping a journal for a short period. As a part of this unit, I asked the students to write "letters to themselves" for a ten-day period, stressing their observations of people and things around them rather than day-to-day account of activities. In a class period at the end of this time, I ask the students to take one episode from their writing and expand it into a two-page written composition. This writing I read and evaluate. I read the selections to the class, with the students' permission, and point out their use of fresh descriptive phrases and lively natural expression.
- G. Letters to Public Figures - Mailed. (These letters may be friendly or business form depending upon the person to whom student writes.)

Students select some person in public life whom they admire or to whom they have something to say. They select people from the areas of government, sports, movies, television, music, and writing. Students hand in a rough draft for corrections and suggestions. A conference is held with each student about his letter. He rewrites and polishes if necessary. On day assigned, students bring letters properly folded in stamped, addressed, but unsealed envelope. I check each letter to see that it is neatly and correctly written and then student seals envelope. I collected all letters and personally mailed them. (Warning! Have extra envelopes and stamps on hand!)

Students are told that they may not receive answers to their letters. There are no grades on this project, either on letters mailed, or on whether or not replies are received. The responses are shared with the class as they arrive and a bulletin board display is made of the letters received.

V. BUSINESS LETTERS

A. Students at the eighth grade level should know how to write the following:

1. Request)
2. Order) - - Information on these in most textbooks
3. Adjustment)
4. Application - Not in most elementary textbooks, but students applying for part-time work and summer jobs should be able to answer an ad or make a direct application for a job. A letter of application should include the following:
 - a. Mention the job applied for and tell how you heard about it.
 - b. Indicate your age and details of your education and experience that meet the requirements of the job.
 - c. Give the names and addresses of three people who would be able to write meaningful recommendations for you. Permission should be secured before using their names.
 - d. Ask for a personal interview.

B. Other types of business letters introduced for general information:

1. Advertising
2. Collection
3. Sales

Sample letters of different types and forms are shown to the class and the students are then asked to collect at least three different types of actual business letters from home or friends. As students bring in letters, the forms and contents of letters are discussed. Students are also encouraged to bring in books from home on writing business letters. Old editions of books contain cliches which are still being over used today. Other books used in modern businesses show progress being made in writing good sales letters.

C. Techniques to be mastered in writing business letters:

1. Addressing of envelope in same form as letter.
2. Correct folding of letter to fit small or legal envelope.

3. Five basic points to remember in content of a good business letter:

The five C's

- a. Correctness
- b. Conciseness
- c. Clearness
- d. Completeness
- e. Courtesy

- D. Suggestions for practical business letter writing activities:

1. A letter of order for supplies for school store.
2. A letter of adjustment from company to customer stating that certain supplies are out of stock.
3. Letters to be mailed:
 - a. A letter making a request for free material, such as a catalog, travel material, booklets on hobbies, etc.
 - b. A letter to a business company asking for application form for employment. Explain that you want to use this in English class and that you are not actually applying for a job at this time. (Later use one period for helping students fill out application blanks received. Get extra forms for those who did not write or receive their blanks.)
 - c. A letter to a college which you think you might be interested in attending asking for a catalog.

VI. LETTERS IN LITERATURE

- A. "Model Letter to a Friend" from Penrod by Booth Tarkington, Worlds of People, American Book Company - Humorous account of Penrod's letter writing assignment.
- B. "Letter to a Fan" by Howard Pease, Adventures in Appreciation, Harcourt, Brace & World. A reply to a fan from an author who gives objectives of reading: enjoyment, escape, and depth reading. This serves as an introduction to students' reading of novels.
- C. Letters written by famous people in history and literature

Read Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby to class. Discuss why letters are important in acquaintance with people and events in the past. Point out styles of writing and expressions used. Ask students to report on at least two

published letters written by famous people. Students may find their own sources in school library or public libraries, or at home. Some books can be available in the classroom. Students write up reports according to form on unit assignment and then give summaries orally in class so that all students can share letters. Some sources are:

The World's Great Letters by Lincoln Schuster
Diary of Anne Frank
Letters from Jack London by Hendricks and Shepard
Letters of Lewis and Clark Expedition by Donald D. Jackson
Letters to John Glenn by John Glenn
Letters from the Peace Corps by Iris Luce
Letters of Composers Anthology by Norman and Shrifts
Letters of Emily Dickson - Selected Poems & Letters of Emily Dickson by Robert N. Linscott
Selected Letters of Robert Frost by Lawrance Thompson
Epistles in the New Testament
Cicero's collection of letters
Howard Pyle's "Letters" in C.D. Abbott's Howard Pyle, a Chronicle
Letters for pleasure reading:
Letters from Camp by Bill Adler
Dear Folks by Juliet Lowell
Letters to God - by Eric Marshall and Stuart Hample
Letters to the F.B.I. by Bill Adler

VII. FINAL TEST on unit covers questions on form and content of friendly and business letters. Students are also asked to write one friendly and one business letter according to directions given.

VIII. LETTER WRITING FOLDER - Students are asked to keep all work relating to this unit in a notebook and turn it in at the end of the period of study. Grades are given according to the quantity and quality of work completed.

IX. SUMMARY - The activities in this unit are listed in the approximate order in which I present them in class. Supplementary activities and literature emphasis can be correlated as desired. The unit is taught to all groups in eighth grade with adjustments according to the students' needs and interests. All are given the opportunity to do the work on the dittoed assignments. Examples of some of the students' work and material used in the unit are included.

X. OTHER SOURCES WHICH WERE USED IN TEACHING OF UNIT:

- A. Practical English - "Workshop Letters Section" - In most issues
- B. Language for Daily Use, Harcourt, Brace & World, Chapter 10, p. 265
- C. Easy in English by Maurie Applegate, Harper & Row, Chapter 10, p. 390-434
- D. Modern English in Action by Henry I. Christ, D.C. Heath & Co., Boston
- E. "How to Write a Letter to Your Congressman" - NEA of the US
- F. "You Can Write Interesting Letters" by June Dake - Progress Rdg., Oct. 1967
- G. Guiding Growth in Handwriting, Zaner-Bloser, p.9,10,11,30.
- H. Local Postoffice - Source for zip codes and information as to their importance, other information on mailing.
- I. Chicago Tribune - Source for addresses of public figures.
- J. Some of the sources and objectives were taken from a unit prepared by Miss Catharine Donovan, MacArthur Jr. High School, Prospect Heights, Ill.

EVALUATION

As would be expected the high moments in this unit were the satisfaction of a slow student who finally completes a correct letter for mailing to Ernie Banks, the response from a senator or movie star, the first letter from a pen pal in Germany, and the opportunity to express opinion on school rules in a letter to the principal. Other areas of interest were the browsing through books and reading of great letters of the past. The students especially enjoy reading letters written by other children in such books as Letters to the F.B.I. and Letters from Camp. Most students seemed to feel that writing an interesting friendly letter was more of a challenge than a chore when they realized they could open up and be themselves. Writing business letters was more inhibited as students do not identify with this area at this grade level. The good students enjoyed collecting business letters and comparing archaic, formal styles in some old letter writing books to the more human approach used in modern day business letters. The techniques of proper letter folding was well received as each student could participate in the physical action of folding, placing letters in the envelopes, taking it out, and unfolding. With the varied experiences offered in this unit, I feel the students were able to relate letter writing to life rather than to Chapter 10 in the textbook.

LETTER WRITING CORRECTIONS

<u>Spelling</u>	<u>Letter form mistakes</u>	<u>Miscellaneous</u>
carrying	Salutation not even with left margin	Verb agreement:
receiving	Heading should start on first line of paper	acres were
amateur	Right margin too wide	Div. of words at end
to, too, two	Letter written in pencil	of line - between
restaurant	No closing or signature	double letters,
sophomore	Abbreviation of month in heading	between syllables
thank you	Abbreviation of state	Tenses of verbs:
sightseeing	Abbreviation of Heights	lay for lie
meant	Closing form not the same as heading	My sister and I
trampoline	Closing on different page than content of letter	(not myself)
of <u>course</u>	No comma after salutation	Must <u>have</u> NOT must
challenges	No comma after closing	of
without	<u>Punctuation</u>	Me and (name) should
unbelievably	There should be:	be (name) and I
truly quite	A comma before a conjunction in a compound sentence	
awfully	Periods at the end of sentences	GOOD POINTS ABOUT
Ottumwa	Apostrophes to show possession - grandmother's	LETTERS:
hobby think	Do not run together two ideas without periods or using conjunctions to connect ideas.	Very interesting
souvenirs		Most were neatly
college	<u>Capitalization</u>	and carefully
friends	Do not capitalize:	written
exhibit	summer school	Some appropriate
until	gym	illustrations
O'Hare	<u>my</u> aunt, uncle, etc.	Many referred to
disappointed	road	points in my
station	movies	letter
Niagara	Do begin each new sentence with a capital letter.	Natural, informal
guards ahead	Do capitalize days of weeks and months of year.	style
activities	Do capitalize names of races: Indian, Negroes	Informative and de-
Heights		scriptive
Mr. Kvistad		Most were in good
its (possessive)		form
it's (contraction)		
there their		
mountains		
stayed		
barbed wire		
September		
where		
Family		
during		
apiece		
cemetery		
Mrs. Schemske		

Laura Neumann
363 N. Waterman
Prospect Heights, Illinois
September 7, 1967

Dear Mrs. Schemske,

Although our vacation was rather short (two days) it contained a lot of walking! We went with some friends of ours to the Illinois State Fair and then on to Springfield.

When we first entered the fair, I was amazed at how big it was! All around us were different booths. Some selling refreshments, others souvenirs. One of the popular snacks there were "corn dogs." These are hotdogs on sticks. "Umm! Were they good!" Across the way is "Sam's" fudge and taffy stand. You can see the taffy being pulled on a taffy pulling machine.

As we walked down further we came to the (about the best) part of the fair. The Rides!! Well, as I looked about me I saw two ferris wheels spinning through the air. We went in a great many of the spooky spook houses. My hair was on all ends. Other rides include; mad mouse, round-up, Tilt-a-whirl, and many more.

Some of the buildings we went in was the conservation building where the ducks, birds, toads, deer, and fish were. Another building I thought was interesting was the produce building, where a cake was shaped as a guitar. Herb Albert was at the fair that night! We didn't see him, though.

Well, I guess that's the main points of the fair, so I'll end my letter here.

Sincerely,
Laura Neumann

Judy Hensley
1225 North Drury Lane
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60004
September 6, 1967

Dear Mrs. Schemske,

From reading your letter it was very easy to tell that you had a wonderful vacation. I know you missed cooking live lobster, especially since you had bought a huge kettle for that purpose. Were the lobsters you bought good? I have always wanted so much to find out what lobster tastes like. One problem though, hinders my thinking about it. I think they look awful when they are alive!

Our family went to Missouri for a couple of weeks in August. First we went to visit my Grandmother Lanier who lives in Licking, Missouri. We had lots of fun there doing things such as timing ourselves to see how long it took to get to the Frosty Treat (an ice cream place) and back and going to a country auction.

I could never be an auctioneer. They talk over 200 miles an hour! I could hardly ever understand what the auctioneer was saying. It was just barely warm that day when we went to the auction. When we got there, the auctioneer was sweating like crazy. Later, his helper had to take over. I guess they changed because the first auctioneer wanted to save his vocal chords.

From Grandmother Lanier's house, we went to Grandfather and Grandmother's farm near Montgomery City, Missouri. We had lots of fun there too doing things such as riding Lady (their horse), fishing (I caught a fish $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, that weighed over two pounds), and shocking corn. Nancy and I went home on the train because Mom and Dad had gone home a few days before.

Two days after we got home, we flew to Expo 67. I liked it very much. On some days, Nancy and I would go to Expo 67 by ourselves and then meet Mom there. Dad didn't go because he isn't too enthusiastic about waiting in long lines and doing a lot of walking. Speaking of long lines, one woman said she had to wait 7 hours to enter the Czechoslovakian pavilions. We didn't see the Czechoslovakian pavilion because the line was too long. We waited $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to enter the U.S. pavilion and the Labyrinth. I think the most beautiful pavilion was the Thailand pavilion. I liked the Burma pavilion very much. It was also very beautiful.

We ate in a Burmese restaurant once. They served one thing which was Burmese. It was a large plate of rice, a huge bowl of rice, a bowl of bean sprouts (the salad), and a bowl of dried fish

crumbs to put on your rice. To drink, you either had beer brewed in Burma, Burmese tea, or water. As you can probably guess, I had water to drink, I could only eat 2/3 of all the food!

I think you would have enjoyed the Tunisia pavilion very much because they showed the dress of Tunisian people long ago. They included the jewels of royalty and the dress of peasants. It was very nice.

Nancy wants me to ask you for the picture of Cora and her at the graduation party. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Judy Hensley

LETTER FROM A TRIPLE-THREAT GRAMMARIAN

IV B

Dear Sir:

You never past me in grammar because you was prejudiced but I got this here athaletic scholarship anyway. Well, the other day I finely got to writing the rule's down so as I can always study it if they ever slip mymind.

1. Each pronoun agrees with their antecedent.
2. Just between you and I, case is important.
3. Verbs has to agree with their subjects.
4. Watch out for irregular verbs which has crope into our language
5. Don't use no double negatives.
6. A writer mustn't shift your point of view.
7. When dangling, don't use participles.
8. Join clauses good, like a conjunction should.
9. Don't write a run-on sentence you got to punctuate it.
10. About sentence fragments.
11. In letters themes reports articles and stuff like that we use commas to keep string of items apart.
12. Don't use commas, which aren't necessary.
13. Its important to apostrophe's right.
14. Don't abbrev.
15. Check to see if you any words out.
16. In my opinion I think that an author when he is writing shouldn't get into the habit of making use of too many unnecessary words that he does not really need in order to put his message across.
17. In the case of a business letter, check it in terms of jargon.
18. About repetition, the repetition of a word might be real effective repetition -- take for instance, Abraham Lincoln.
19. As for as incomplete constructions, they are wrong.
20. Last but not least, lay off cliches.

April 23, 1968

Dear Mr. Rich,

I would like to say something about the school rules. This year I agree with you 100 per cent. The girls skirts should be a certain length or there would be too many distractions mainly by the boys. And the boys pants are why too tight, they do have to sit down. If only everybody realized why those rules were made, to have a decent school to go to.

Yours truly
Audrey Becker

The following letter was just received from Company B, IV-C-3
2nd Battalion, 2nd Infantry, 1st Infantry Division, P.O. San
Francisco 96345:

December, 1966

Dear Students of MacArthur Junior High,

The men of Bravo Company really appreciate your gifts and your letters. The men of Company B are presently on a operation at Lai Kho in Bon Cat Province. So we hope you will understand why we are sending this one letter to all of you who took the time and trouble to write us.

The weather where our company is is hot during the day, but cool at night. Even though the rainy season is over it still rains hard in the afternoon about once or twice a week. The roads are dirt and during the dry season they are very dusty.

Since this is an Infantry unit the men in the Company spend most of the time in the field. A base camp is kept where the Executive Officer and several other personnel make sure that the company is adequately supplied with clothes and food. The Executive Officer also takes care of the administrative matters that are important in running a company. When the Company returns from an operation they stay at the base camp. Our base camp at the present time is at Phu Loi which is about 20 miles from the company's present base camp of operation at Lai Kho.

When the men are in the field they usually sleep in a foxhole or small tents they set up. At the base camp the men sleep on cots in large tents. At night the men can go to see a movie. The movie is shown outside and the men usually sit on the ground or bring their own chair. We also have a radio station with popular music, news and weather.

In most of your letters pets were mentioned. Bravo Company also has many pets especially the company's favorite "Charlie" a small brown monkey. Most of the men also have their own dogs.

Once again we would like to express our gratitude for your thoughtfulness and generosity. The men of Bravo Company enjoyed your gifts and your many letters very much.

Sincerely,
Elgin A. Chatman
1st Lt., Infantry, Exec. Officer

-97-

1927 North Maple
Arlington Heights
Illinois 60004
September 7, 1967

Dear Class,

I would like to invite you to a co-ed softball game Saturday, September ninth at the school softball diamond. The game will start at about 3:30.

After the game we will all go to my house for a cook-out supper. Your parents can pick you up there at about 7:00 p.m.

I hope you can come as we hope to have a lot of fun.

Sincerely yours,
Carol Weinberg

1111 Winsor Drive
Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004
September 7, 1967

Dear Claudia,

I am very sorry I can not accept your invitation to go to your birthday party on September 16, at two o'clock. My parents are going to be out of town all day on September 16, so I will have to babysit for my baby brother.

Thank you for inviting me and happy birthday to you.

Sincerely yours,
Cindy Sebesta

1921 Maple Lane
Arlington Heights
Illinois 60004
September 12, 1967

Dear Mr. Mayor,

I am an eighth grade student at MacArthur Jr. High in Prospect Heights, Illinois. We were asked to write to a public figure, so I decided to write to you since I have an interest in Chicago and its leaders.

I was born in Chicago and I lived there for 4½ years. Ever since I can remember my family has attended the Venetian Nights. I think it is spectacular and very enjoyable to be able to see a parade of boats.

The Picasso Statue down by Civic Center is very impressive. I would like to compliment you on its placement in the City of Chicago. It will probably cause a lot of people to start thinking about what it means and about the city it is in.

A couple of years ago, my grandmother had the pleasure and honor of meeting you. She was one of the Senior Citizens of the Year that year.

I admire what you are doing for Chicago very much, but I don't understand your duties and your job. I would like to know more about them.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely yours,
Carol Weinberg

1225 North Drury Lane
Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004
September 13, 1967

Dear Mrs. Black,

I am in eighth grade. We were told to write a letter to a famous person that we admire. The first person that came to my mind was you.

I think you took the right view of the Viet Nam war because if we don't win the war or at least obtain an honorable negotiated peace, all the people who died would have died for nothing.

I was wondering about what you think about the racial violence and what is a way to solve it? I read an article in the newspaper about the social violence and it said that the violence would ruin this country.

I am for you all the way in the elections. I hope you win.

Sincerely yours,
Judy Hensley

PRESIDENTIAL LETTERS ARE CHERISHED

The historic import of a routine letter writing assignment of students in Mrs. Dorothy Schemske's eighth grade class at Prospect Heights West Junior High was heightened as a result of Friday's tragedy.

Posted on the blackboard in Mrs. Schemske's room were replies to pupils from the offices of President Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy and President Johnson.

One letter was directed to pupil Christine Martin by President Kennedy's personal secretary Evelyn Lincoln. In her correspondence Mrs. Lincoln thanked Christine for her letter to the President and for her thoughtfulness in writing.

"He appreciates hearing from students and hopes your school year will be most interesting and enjoyable," wrote the secretary. "The President extends his best wishes to you," concluded Mrs. Lincoln.

Student Susan Messenger had received a reply from Mrs. Kennedy's social secretary, Nancy Tuckerman. Miss Tuckerman indicated she was writing on behalf of Mrs. Kennedy to thank Susan for her letter.

"We regret that Mrs. Kennedy receives so many hundreds of requests for answers to personal questions, she is unable to comply. Please be assured that this in no way detracts from her appreciation of your interest in writing," wrote the social secretary.

An autographed photograph of Mrs. Kennedy was enclosed with the letter.

Writing as the Vice President, Lyndon B. Johnson replied to Debbie Peters. "I am glad to know of your interest in the Office of Vice President. I am enclosing some materials which will give you an idea of my work and also a pamphlet which will answer many other questions about our government." The letter was signed Lyndon B. Johnson.

Bernie Zinkgraf received a picture of President Kennedy and a copy of the recently signed atomic test ban treaty he had requested in his letter.

Sandy Soucek was in receipt of 14 page hour-by-hour schedule of President Kennedy that covered a six day period in May, 1961. The typical schedule covered the time span of the President from his arrival in the morning at his office until he retired to the presidential mansion in the evening.

An analysis of the weekly schedule revealed that almost daily meetings or conferences with the then vice president Lyndon B. Johnson were an integral part of President Kennedy's regular course of business.

Mrs. Schemske indicated she was considering displaying all of the letters and other correspondence in a special exhibit that would be open to all of the District 23 students.

8th GRADERS WRITE LETTERS TO THE FAMOUS...
AND GET ANSWERS

Elizabeth Alanne

Letters from well-known persons have been arriving at the homes of children participating in a letter-writing exercise in the eighth grade English classes of Mrs. Vernon Schemske at MacArthur Junior High in Prospect Heights District 23.

Those who have answered letters from class members include Svetlana Alliluyeva, the daughter of Stalin, California's Gov. Ronald Reagan, the Smothers Brothers, William Johnston, the author of the Maxwell Smart TV series, Sen. Charles Percy, actress Patricia Neal, Chuck Noll, assistant coach of the Baltimore Colts, TV personality Johnny Carson, comedian Bill Cosby and several local television personalities including Frazier Thomas, Wally Phillips, Harry Volkman and Howard Miller.

In their letters, students were instructed to ask specific questions and to comment on why they chose to write to a particular person, in addition to using the opportunity to practice correct letter writing form. Mrs. Schemske said the children responded to the project with enthusiasm and although some letters were not answered, there was a variety of return letters from well-known people to make the project exciting for the entire group.

One letter, received by Patricia Knupp, was a response from the personal secretary of Stalin's daughter, Mrs. Svetlana Alliluyeva, and was on Svetlana's personal stationary. Patricia had asked

about classes taught in the eighth grade in Russian schools and was told that "Mrs. Alliluyeva has asked me to tell that when her daughter, Kate, was in the eighth grade, her favorite studies were mathematics, physics, chemistry and geography." Patricia also learned that Kate enjoyed the sports of basketball and horseback riding.

TV Personality Frazier Thomas, creator of the "Garfield Goose" program and host of "Family Classics" and WGN-TV, included some comments of the nature of fame in a letter to Carolyn Campbell.

"I'm very flattered that you consider me a 'famous person.' You must remember that my 'fame' is a very local thing -- not nationwide or worldwide. And it's very relative, too. By that I mean it may be true that I'm more famous than the boy who sits in front of you in one of your classes, but my 'fame' is very small when compared to someone like President Johnson or Illinois Sen. Percy.

"What I really am is 'well known' in television homes within the area served by WGN-TV -- that's where it ends. But it's nice to know someone thinks I am 'famous'," said Thomas.

Sen. Percy received letters from two members of the class and answered both. In one letter to Rhonda Umphress Percy thanked her for her confidence in his ability but added, "I am not a candidate for the 1968 Republi-

can presidential nomination."

Gov. Reagan was also queried on his possible candidacy in a letter sent by Ron Ensinger. Gov. Reagan replied that; "I have a four-year contract with the people of California and must do the best job possible."

Other replies were received from people in government including Ray Page, Illinois superintendent of public instruction.

One of the longest and most humorous letters came from William Johnston, author of the Maxwell Smart TV series.

"Yes, all of Max's adventures are true: it is Max himself who is fiction," wrote Johnston.

"I am sorry (not really, of course, I lie a lot) that I cannot send you a picture. But I will do the next best thing. I will tell you I am sending a picture and then forget to enclose it. Either way, you will be ahead on the deal since you won't be stuck with a picture," he said.

"It is interesting that you are a student at MacArthur Junior High. I happen to be an old friend of Sidney MacArthur, after whom the school is undoubtedly named. Sid and I used to shoot bear together."

TV weatherman Harry Volkman answered letters from two students, including in one a detailed drawing to illustrate the answer to a weather problem posed by the student.

Actress Patricia Neal wrote one student telling of her fight to overcome the effects of a stroke.

Several of the students, in-

cluding Jeff Cain, received pictures from their correspondents. His photo of the Smothers Brothers included a comment that "We are enclosing our picture which wasn't easy, since Tommy just never sits still." Jeff had asked the comedy team to visit the school but they were unable to accept his invitation because of their busy schedule.

An interesting letter from Charles M. Schultz, creator of the cartoon character "Peanuts," was printed in the scrawl of "Charlie Brown" and accented with cartoons.

Mrs. Schemske said she has repeated the letter-writing project with her eighth grade students for several years because it gives them an incentive for working on their letter-writing skills in addition to providing many exciting moments when, and if, the answering letters arrive.

(picture)

Jeff Cain shows Carolyn Campbell and Patricia Knupp the autographed photo he received after sending a letter to the Smothers Brothers, TV comedy team, as part of an English project in the eighth grade classes at MacArthur Junior High School, Prospect Heights. Carolyn received a lengthy reply to her letter to Frazier Thomas, WGN-TV personality, and Patricia received a letter from the personal secretary of Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's daughter. Students in the classes of Mrs. Vernon Schemske received many answers to letters they wrote to well-known figures in fields of government, entertainment, sports, and literature.

HELP AMERICA'S SERVICEMEN RECEIVE THE BEST POSTAL SERVICE IN THE
WORLD

Be familiar with the many new postal services for speeding letters, packages, books and other articles to the military men and women stationed in Southeast Asia, Europe and other distant lands. With a few minor exceptions, the rates and regulations in this pamphlet apply to mail addressed to all servicemen with an Armed Forces Post Office Address.

Mail sent through Armed Forces Post Offices must include the full five-digit APO or FPO number.

CORRECTLY ADDRESSED MAIL can be immediately sorted to planes flying over seas.

Pvt. John J. Doe 14032214
Co. A 3rd Bn. First Bgd.
Fourth Infantry Division
APO San Francisco 96262

SOUND RECORDED PERSONAL MESSAGE

(stamp)

SOUND RECORDED _____
PERSONAL MESSAGE _____

NONMAILABLE MATTER

Some items cannot be mailed to military post offices. These include matches, lighter fluid, magnetic materials and radioactive matter. If in doubt about the mailability of an article, ask your local postmaster.

Package of books weighing 3 pounds--labeled SAM--requires just 24¢ postage from any city in the U.S.

For the faster PAL service--airlifted all the way--the postage for 3 lbs. of books would be 24¢ plus the \$1 PAL fee--for a total charge of \$1.24

On packages weighing more than 5 lbs. and not exceeding 30 lbs, families mailing books overseas must use PAL for low-cost airlift service.

First-class letters mailed in Chicago can be expected to reach Viet Nam within 5 to 7 days.

Airmail letters will receive priority air service--guaranteed the fastest air service within the U.X.

505 Hillcrest Drive
Prospect Heights, Ill. 60004
September 18, 1967

United Airlines
O'Hare International Airport
Post Office Box 66100
Chicago, Illinois 60666

Dear Sirs:

Could you please send me some information about a trip to Disneyland, Alaska, and Hawaii for my family is planning a trip to one of these places.

I was also wondering if you could send me some information about becoming a stewardess. I'm only 13 but I have hopes of becoming a stewardess.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Dawn Hedberg

UNITED AIR LINES
Office of the President

WELCOME to the 100,000 Mile Club! This is our way of thanking you for your business and support through the years.

Your membership card will admit you to the Red Carpet Rooms maintained for your comfort at major air terminals. Whether you are seeking a little rest and relaxation or a quiet place to get some work done, convenient facilities are ready and waiting. For you as a valued customer, the red carpet is out whenever you have time to visit us.

You'll be entitled to further recognition when you reach the 500,000 mile mark so I would suggest that you continue to keep track of your airline mileage. Please contact the sales office nearest you when you qualify for Half-Million Miler status.

We will do our best to keep you informed on major developments within the industry, and I will be calling upon you from time to time for your thoughts as an experienced air traveler. Meanwhile, thank you....and congratulations!

Cordially,
G.E. Keck

-105-

1225 North Drury Lane
Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004
September 18, 1967

The Quaker Oats Co.
Merchandise Mart Plaza
Chicago, Ill. 60654

Dear Sir:

Please send me an application form for employment. At this time though, I am not applying for a job, but I would like the application form for English class. I am an eighth grade student at MacArthur Junior High School in Prospect Heights. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Judy Hensley

I sent a duplicate of this letter to the Quaker Oats Co.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Merchandise Mart Plaza
Chicago, Illinois 60654

September 21, 1967

Miss Judy Hensley
1225 North Drury Lane
Arlington Heights, Ill. 60004

Dear Miss Hensley:

Enclosed you will find a copy of our employment application form. I trust that it will be satisfactory for use in your English class.

Please be assured that when you are old enough to apply for a position, we will be honored to receive your application.

Have a good year at MacArthur, Judy, and do study hard.

Thank you for thinking of us when you received this assignment. All of us at Quaker hope that you will not only watch "The Flying Nun," but use and enjoy all our products.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Nancy Kucera
Personnel Department

Rough copy to College

1927 N. Maple Lane
Arlington Heights
Illinois 60004
September 17, 1967

Harper Jr. College
34 West Palatine Road
Palatine Illinois

Gentlemen:

I plan to attend Harper Jr. College in the future. I would appreciate it if you would send me a catalog. I would like to read more about the college in it.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely yours,
Carol Weinberg

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

April 25, 1967

Miss Carol Weinberg
1927 North Maple Lane
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60004

Dear Miss Weinberg:

This is in reply to your request for information regarding taxes.

We are enclosing one pamphlet on taxes. We suggest you contact the following for additional information and assistance:

Internal Revenue Service
219 South Dearborn
Chicago, Illinois

We hope this will be of some assistance. Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Donna Woodruff
Public Service Bureau

SEARS, ROEBUCK, AND CO., CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

A Heberg
505 Hillcrest Dr
Prospect Heights 70, Ill

Sept 11
157t10

Dear Customer

We are very sorry but we now find that we cannot furnish the merchandise listed below.

When we prepared the invoice of your recent order we had a small supply of this merchandise, but by the time the order reached our stockroom it was all gone.

By holding this part of the order we might be able to fill it at a future date, or send something similar, but there would be a delay of about 10 days before we could make shipment. In view of the circumstances we thought it advisable to cancel the order.

Yours truly

CUSTOMER RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

Mdse: 64G9940 2 69¢ REFUND 73¢

Letter Reports

1. to- Colonel Nichola
from- George Washington
date- May 22 '82
summary- This letter that George Washington wrote was about the army. He said that he was very sincere to see that justice was done to the country.
2. to- Maestro Guiliano
from- Michelangelo
date- May 2, 1506
summary- Michelangelo wrote this letter because when he departed on Holy Sunday from the Pope, the Pope got angry. When he went back to do his work he was turned away. Giuliano wrote a letter to Michelangelo and this is Michelangelo's reply.

Letter to: Catherine Dickens
Letter from: Charles Dickens
Date: April 15, 1851
Summary of the letter:

This letter to Charles Dickens' wife, Catherine says that their young daughter has died of an illness. In the first line of the letter Mr. Dickens wrote "...read this letter very slowly." He said this for Mrs. Dickens was ill herself.

LETTER WRITING TEST

Test-VII

Circle T or F in the following sentences:

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. "How are you? I am fine." is a good way to start a friendly letter. | T | F |
| 2. Small pictures drawn on your letter can make it more interesting | T | F |
| 3. Friendly letters should never be written without careful planning | T | F |
| 4. The state can be abbreviated on the address of the envelope. | T | F |
| 5. The form for friendly letters and business letters is the same. | T | F |
| 6. A letter for a large envelope should be folded four times. | T | F |
| 7. Business letters should be written in block form only. | T | F |
| 8. Friendly letters should be written in indented form only. | T | F |
| 9. A friendly letter should be like a private conversation in writing. | T | F |
| 10. "I'm tired of writing now, so I'll close" is a good way to end a letter. | T | F |
| 11. Business letters should be concise, but courteous. | T | F |
| 12. Friendly letters should never be typed. | T | F |
| 13. "Gentlemen" is preferable to "Dear Sirs" for a business letter salutation. | T | F |
| 14. Thank-you social notes should be honest even if they hurt the donor's feelings. | T | F |
| 15. Invitations should never be written on cards. | T | F |
| 16. One should always apologize in person rather than writing a letter. | T | F |
| 17. In friendly letters, you should comment on the last letter received. | T | F |
| 18. The salutation of a business letter is followed by a colon. | T | F |
| 19. Invitation letters should be answered promptly. | T | F |
| 20. A business letter contains an inside address. | T | F |

COMPLETION

1. The parts of a business letter are: _____
2. The friendly letter contains no (part of letter)
3. Name the three types of business letters in the text. _____
4. Another name for greeting is _____.

5. Name another type of business letter mentioned in class discussion. _____
6. The greeting of a friendly letter is followed by (punctuation) a _____
7. Name three types of social notes: _____
8. Name three things that a letter of order should include: _____
9. The number used by the post office, following the city and state, is called: a _____.

COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

700 W. Schoenbeck Road

Acme Supply Company
10 N. Main Street

_____:

Please send the following items for our West Junior High School store. These articles are listed in your fall catalog which we received when school started.

100	Pencils	.02	\$2.00
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Postage			_____
TOTAL			\$ _____

I am enclosing a check in payment of the above order in the amount of \$ _____. Thank you for your prompt attention to this order.

Yours truly,

BS:dz
Encl.

Store Manager

COMPLETION

1. The above business letter is a letter of _____.
2. The form is _____.
3. If you completed the letter accurately, the letter contains the five "C's" of a business letter: (1) _____

- (2) _____ (3) _____ (4) _____
(5) _____
4. Enc. stands for _____.
5. Another type of business letter is a _____ letter.

Write a reply to the letter you wrote on page 2. Tell the writer you are shipping all of the items except one as you are out of stock at the present time. You will ship the item as soon as your shipment arrives or you will refund the money sent for the item which is out of stock. Make up a name and title for the person writing the letter for the school supply company. Set up your own form, following all of the correct rules for writing a letter of acknowledgment to the customer.

Svetlana Alliluyeva

13 November, 1967

Miss Patricia Knupp
811 North Elmhurst Road
Prospect Heights
Illinois 60070

Dear Miss Knupp:

Mrs. Alliluyeva has asked me to tell you that when her daughter Kate was in the 8th grade the classes that she liked best were mathematics, physics, chemistry and geography. She also had courses in Russian literature, history, natural history, astronomy, minerology and a foreign language (her daughter took English).

Her daughters preferred sports were basketball and horseback riding. At school they had gym, basketball and ping pong.

Sincerely,
Ruth M. Briggs
Secretary to Mrs. Alliluyeva